Elegies
Ancient & Modern
—
Mary Lloyd

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THE HISTORY OF THE ELEGY.

ELEGIES: ANCIENT AND MODERN.

"The third ſorrowing was of loues by long lamentation in *Elegie*, ſo was their ſong called; & it was in a piteous manner of meetre, placing a limping Pentameter after a luſty Exameter, which made it go dolourouſly, more than any other meetre."

—PUTTENHAM: *Arte of Engliſhe Poeſie.*

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ELEGIES:

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY STUDY

OF

THE HISTORY OF ELEGIAC POETRY FROM THE EARLIEST DAYS DOWN TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY

MARY LLOYD.

VOLUME I.

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TO

J. D. M.,

FAITHFUL FRIEND AND PHYSICIAN,

AND

TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF ONE

PASSED AWAY.

✠

GRATEFUL acknowledgment is due Professor WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON for the translation of the *Elegy to Nanno*, made expressly for this collection of Elegies, and also for permission to use his translation of the *Lament of Briseis;* to ANNA ROBERTSON BROWN LINDSAY and the publishers of *Poet-Lore* for permission to use part of the poem entitled *The Wanderer*.

Due acknowledgement for poems used in the second volume will be made therein.

M. L.

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THE HISTORY OF THE ELEGY.

THE issues of life and death, the joy of loving, the sorrow and anguish of parting, touch us as closely, make us feel as keenly, though the conventionalities of an over-refined civilization restrain our utterance, as long ago they affected those who lived in the early freshness of the world. Our first mother Eve poured forth her grief, poignant with loss over the dead body of her son, Abel; and since that time how often has the voice of woe and lamentation been raised beside the form of some loved one, cut off perhaps in the flower of youth, or in the pride and perfection of manhood, or perhaps, in an old age crowned with fulfillment of hopes and promises, rich in the accomplishment of noble ends and deeds. It is, however, for the unfinished, the unaccomplished, for the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown," that the note of pathos strikes most deeply.

Thus, as the natural language of the human heart is essentially the same in all ages, we come into possession of a vast literature most richly varied in the expression of grief and sorrow for the loss of vanished joys; or, as we see in the love-elegies of Mimnermos, and other poets, Greek, Latin, and English, for that

which to them was unattainable. In the earliest extant literatures—Greek and Hebrew—we find dirges for heroes fallen in battle, and for maids and matrons doomed to death or captivity.

In the *Iliad*, Andromache, Hecabè, and Helen pour out their lamentations over the bier of Hector; Briseis and the slave-maidens bewail Patroklos dead; in the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides we have the dirge sung by Antigone; and in the *Troades*, the wailing of Hecabè over the fate of the hapless Astyanax.

One of the earliest elegies is the pathetic lament uttered by David for Jonathan, the friend of his youth, with its recurring burden of "How are the mighty fallen!" The fine apostrophe to the mountains has served as a model for succeeding generations of poets in their appeals to Nature to join in the general grief: "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil." And then after dwelling upon the valor of Saul and Jonathan in battle, the mourner proceeds: "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. . . . I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" (II. Sam., 1:21–27.)

Saw I mangled with keen-edged spears, in defense of his city.
Then, though Achilles the swift, when he ravaged the city of Mynes,
Slew my husband in battle, yet thou didst forbid me to sorrow,
Promising I should become the wife of the god-like Achilles:
He, thou saidst, would lead me with him on the vessels to Phthia;
There in the midst of his folk would my marriage feast be appointed.
Therefore I mourn for thee dead, who living ever wast gentle."
Weeping, so did she speak, and in answer lamented the women,
Moaning as if for Patroclus, yet each her own woes was bewailing.

Iliad, XIX., WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON, tr.

Lament of Andromache over the Corpse of Hector.

"AND OH, my Hector! Oh my lord!" (she cries),
"Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the distant realms forever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only son, once comfort of our pains,

Sad product now of hapless love remains!
Never to manly age that son shall rise,
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes:
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er
(Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore:
Thou too, my son, to barbarous climes shalt go,
The sad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driven hence a slave before the victor's sword
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord:
Or else some Greek, whose father press'd the plain,
Or son or brother, by great Hector slain,
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy stern father never spared a foe;
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
Thence many evils his sad parents bore.
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why received not I thy last command?
Some word thou wouldst have spoke, which, sadly dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!"

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan,
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

Iliad, XXIV., Pope's tr.

Helen's Lament for Hector.

HECTOR, of all my brethren, dearest thou!
True, godlike Paris claims me as his wife,
Who bore me hither. Would I then had died!
But twenty years have passed since here I came,
And left my native land; yet ne'er from thee
I heard one scornful, one degrading word;
And when from others I have borne reproach,
Thy brothers, sisters, or thy brothers' wives,
Or mother (for thy sire was ever kind,
Even as a father), thou hast check'd them still,
With tender feeling and with gentle words.
For thee I weep, and for myself no less;
For through the breadth of Troy none love me now,
Nor kindly look on me, but all abhor.

Iliad, XXIV., Lord DERBY'S tr.

Elegy to Nanno.

JOYLESS is life, if forsaken of Aphrodite the golden.
Dead may I be when these never again may be mine,
Love that hideth in secret, delightful caresses, and passion!
Quickly fading away vanish the blossoms of youth,
Whether of women or men; and when old age with its troubles

Cometh, then ugly to view grow we, and wretched as well.
Even its grievous cares make weary the spirit within us.
Even the rays of the sun give us no longer delight.
Hateful are we unto youths, and of women are held in dishonor.
So unendurable, age, thou hast been made by the gods.

MIMNERMOS (fl. 635 B. C.), tr. by WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON.

Epitaph on Timas.

THIS is the dust of Timas, whom unwed,
Persephone locked in her darksome bed;
For her the maids who were her fellows shore
Their curls, and to her tomb this tribute bore.

SAPPHO (fl. VI. century B. C.), J. A. SYMONDS, tr.

Epitaph on Baucis.

PILLARS of death! carved sirens! tearful urn!
In whose sad keeping my poor dust is laid,
To those who near my tomb their footsteps turn,
Stranger or Greek, bid hail, and say, a maid

Rests in her bloom below; her sire the name
Of Baucis gave; her birth and lineage high:
And say her bosom friend Erinna came,
And on this marble graved her elegy.

ERINNA, ELTON, tr.

An Epitaph.

IN THIS marble buried lies
Beauty may enrich the skies,
And add light to Phœbus' eyes;

Sweeter than Aurora's air,
When she paints the lilies fair,
And gilds cowslips with her hair;

Chaster than the virgin spring,
Ere her blossoms she doth bring,
Or cause Philomel to sing.

If such goodness live 'mongst men,
Tell me it: I shall know then
She is come from Heaven again.

ANON.

Martial Elegy.

IN A WREATH of myrtle I 'll wear my glaive,
Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton brave,

Who, striking the tyrant down,
Made Athens a freeman's town.

Harmodius, our darling, thou art not dead!
Thou liv'st in the isles of the blest, 't is said,
With Achilles first in speed,
And Tydides Diomede.

In a wreath of myrtle I 'll wear my glaive,
Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton brave,
When the twain on Athena's day
Did the tyrant Hipparchus slay.

For aye shall your fame in the land be told,
Harmodius and Aristogeiton bold,
Who, striking the tyrant down,
Made Athens a freeman's town.

KALLISTRATOS, tr. by CONINGTON. From SYMONDS' *Greek Poets.*

Elektra Before the Palace Door, Calling on Nature to Witness to Her Grief.

O HOLY light of morn
O air that does the whole earth compass round!
Oft have ye heard my cries of grief forlorn,
And oft the echoing sound
Of blows the breast that smite

When darkness yields to night,

. . . . . .

And lo, I will not fail
To weep and mourn with wailings and with sighs
While yet I see the bright stars in the skies,
Or watch the daylight glad—
No, no, I will not fail,
Like sorrowing nightingale,
Before the gate to pour my sorrows free,
My woe and sorrow at my father's door.

From the *Elektra* of SOPHOKLES.

Fragment of Lament of Danaë.

WHEN rude around the high-wrought ark
The tempests raged, the waters dark
Around the mother tossed and swelled;
With hot unmoistened cheek she held
Her Perseus in her arms and said:
What sorrows bow this hapless head!
Thou sleep'st the while, thy gentle breast
Is heaving in unbroken rest,
In this our dark unjoyous home
Clamped with the rugged brass, the gloom
Scarce broken by the doubtful light
That gleams from yon dim fires of night.
But thou, unwet thy clustering hair,
Heed'st not the billows raging wild,

The moanings of the bitter air,
Wrapped in thy purple robe, my beauteous child!
Oh! seemed this peril perilous to thee,
How sadly to my words of fear
Wouldst thou bend down thy listening ear!
But now, sleep on my child! Sleep thou, wide sea!
Sleep, my unutterable agony!
Oh! change thy counsels, Jove, our sorrows end!
And if my rash intemperate zeal offend,
For my child's sake, his father pardon me.

SIMONIDES of Keos (556?–467 B. C.), MILMAN, tr.

To Stella.

THOU wert the morning-star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

PLATO, SHELLEY'S tr.

On Those Who Fell at Potidea.

ERECTHEUS' city mourns her children's fall,
Who fought and died by Potidea's wall,
True sons of Athens, for a virtuous name
They gave their lives and swelled their country's fame.

(Corpus of Brit. Museum Inscriptions belonging to about the year 432 B. C.)

To Herakleitos.

THEY told me, Herakleitos, thou wert dead,
And then I thought, and tears thereon did shed,
How oft we two talked down the sun; but thou
Halicarnassian guest! art ashes now,
Yet live thy nightingales of song: on those
Forgetfulness her hand shall ne'er impose.

KALLIMACHOS (240 B. C.), HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE, tr.

The Song of Thyrsis Concerning the Death of Daphnis.

BEGIN, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
The voice of Thyrsis, Ætna's Thyrsis I.
Where were ye, Nymphs, oh where, while Daphnis pined?
In fair Penëus' or in Pindus' glens?
For great Anapus' stream was not your haunt,
Nor Ætna's cliff, nor Acis' sacred rill.
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
O'er him the wolves, the jackals howled o'er him;
The lion in the oak-copse mourned his death.
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
The kine and oxen stood around his feet,
The heifers and the calves wailed all for him.
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.

First from the mountain Hermes came, and said,
"Daphnis, who frets thee? Lad, whom lov'st thou so?"
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
Came herdsmen, shepherds came, and goatherds came;
All asked what ailed the lad. Priapus came
And said, "Why pine, poor Daphnis? while the maid
Foots it round every pool and every grove,
(*Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.*)
"O lack-love and perverse, in quest of thee;
Herdsman in name, but goatherd rightlier called.
With eyes that yearn the goatherd marks his kids
Run riot, for he fain would frisk as they:
(*Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.*)
"With eyes that yearn dost thou too mark the laugh
Of maidens, for thou may'st not share their glee."
Still naught the herdsman said: he drained alone
His bitter portion, till the fatal end.
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
Came Aphroditè, smiles on her sweet face,
False smiles, for heavy was her heart, and spake:
"So Daphnis, thou must try a fall with Love!
But stalwart Love hath won the fall of thee."
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
Then, "Ruthless Aphroditè," Daphnis said,
"Accursed Aphroditè, foe to man!
Say'st thou mine hour is come, my sun hath set?
Dead as alive, shall Daphnis work Love woe."
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
"Fly to Mount Ida, where the swain (men say)

And Aphroditè—to Anchises fly:
There are oak-forests; here but galingale,
And bees that make a music round the hives.
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
"Adonis owed his bloom to tending flocks
And smiting hares, and bringing wild beasts down.
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
"Face once more Diomed: tell him 'I have slain
The herdsman Daphnis; now I challenge thee.'
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
"Farewell wolf, jackal, mountain-prisoned bear!
Ye 'll see no more by grove, or glade or glen
Your herdsman Daphnis! Arethuse, farewell,
And the bright streams that pour down Thymbris' side.
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
"I am that Daphnis, who lead here my kine,
Bring here to drink my oxen and my calves.
Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
"Pan, Pan, oh whether great Lyceum's crags
Thou haunt'st to-day, or mightier Mænalus
Come to the Sicel isle! Abandon now
Rhium and Helicè, and the mountain cairn
(That e'en gods cherish) of Lycaon's son!
Forget, sweet maids, forget your woodland song.
"Come, king of song, o'er this my pipe, compact
With wax and honey-breathing, arch thy lip;
For surely I am torn from life by Love.
Forget, sweet maids, forget your woodland song.
"From thicket now and thorn let violets spring,

Now let white lilies drape the juniper,
And pines grow figs, and nature all go wrong:
For Daphnis dies. Let deer pursue the hounds,
And mountain owls outsing the nightingale.
Forget, sweet maids, forget your woodland song."
So spake he, and he never spake again.
Fair Aphroditè would have raised his head;
But all his thread was spun. So down the stream
Went Daphnis; closed the waters o'er a head
Dear to the Nine, of nymphs not unbeloved.

From the First Idyll of THEOCRITUS (270 B. C.), tr. by C. S. CALVERLEY.

Lament for Adonis.

I MOURN *for Adonis—Adonis is dead!*
Fair Adonis is dead, and the Loves are lamenting.
Sleep, Cypris, no more on thy purple-strewed bed!
Arise, wretch stoled in black,—beat thy breast unrelenting,
And shriek to the worlds, "Fair Adonis is dead!"

I mourn for Adonis—the Loves are lamenting.
He lies on the hills in his beauty and death;
The white tusk of a boar has transfixed his white thigh;
Cytherea grows mad at his thin gasping breath,
While the black blood drips down on the pale ivory,

And his eyeballs lie quenched with the weight of his brows;
The rose fades from his lips, and upon them just parted
The kiss dies the goddess consents not to lose,
Though the kiss of the Dead cannot make her glad-hearted;
He knows not who kisses him dead in the dews.

I mourn for Adonis—the Loves are lamenting.
Deep, deep in the thigh, is Adonis's wound;
But a deeper is Cypris's bosom presenting—
The youth lieth dead while his dogs howl around,
And the nymphs weep aloud from the mists of the hill,
And the poor Aphrodite, with tresses unbound,
All dishevelled, unsandalled, shrieks mournful and shrill
Through the dusk of the groves. The thorns, tearing her feet,
Gather up the red flower of her blood, which is holy,
Each footstep she takes; and the valleys repeat
The sharp cry she utters, and draw it out slowly.
She calls on her spouse, her Assyrian, on him
Her own youth, while the dark blood spreads over his body,
The chest taking hue from the gash in the limb,
And the bosom once ivory, turning to ruddy.

Ah, ah, Cytherea—the loves are lamenting.
She lost her fair spouse, and so lost her fair smile:

When he lived she was fair, by the whole world's consenting,
Whose fairness is dead with him: woe worth the while!
All the mountains above, and the oaklands below,
Murmur, ah, ah, Adonis! the streams overflow
Aphrodite's deep wail; river-fountains in pity
Weep soft in the hills; and the flowers as they blow,
Redden outward with sorrow; while all hear her go
With the song of her sadness through mountain and city.

Ah, ah, Cytherea! Adonis is dead!
Fair Adonis is dead—Echo answers, Adonis!
Who weeps not for Cypris, when, bowing her head,
She stares at the wound where it gapes and astonies?
When—ah, ah!—she saw how the blood ran away
And empurpled the thigh, and, with wild hands flung out,
Said with sobs, "Stay, Adonis! unhappy one, stay.
Let me feel thee once more, let me ring thee about
With the clasp of my arms, and press kiss into kiss!
Wait a little, Adonis, and kiss me again,
For the last time, beloved; and but so much of this
That the kiss may learn life from the warmth of the strain!
Till thy breath shall exude from thy soul to my mouth;
To my heart; and, the love-charm I once more receiving,

May drink thy love in it, and keep of a truth
That one kiss in the place of Adonis the living.
Thou fliest me, mournful one, fliest me far,
My Adonis, and seekest the Acheron portal;
To Hell's cruel king goest down with a scar,
While I weep and live on like a wretched immortal,
And follow no step! O Persephone, take him,
My husband! thou 'rt better and brighter than I,
So all beauty flows down to thee: *I* cannot make him
Look up at my grief: there 's despair in my cry,
Since I wail for Adonis, who died to me—died to me—
Then I fear *thee!* Art thou dead, my adored?
Passion ends like a dream in the sleep that 's denied to me,—
Cypris is widowed; the Loves seek their lord
All the house through in vain. Charm of cestus has ceased
With thy clasp! Oh, too bold in the hunt past preventing,
Ay, mad, thou so fair, to have strife with a beast!"
Thus the goddess wailed on; and the Loves are lamenting.

Ah, ah, Cytherea, Adonis is dead! Adonis is dead.
She wept tear after tear, with the blood which was shed;
And both turned into flowers for the earth's garden-close,—
Her tears, to the wind-flower; his blood, to the rose.

I mourn for Adonis—Adonis is dead.
Weep no more in the woods, Cytherea, thy lover!
So, well: make a place for his corse in thy bed,
With the purples thou sleepest in, under and over;
He 's fair, though a corse,—a fair corse, like a sleeper.
Lay him soft in the silks he had pleasure to fold,
When beside thee at night, holy dreams deep and deeper
Enclosed his young life on the couch made of gold.
Love him still, poor Adonis; cast on him together
The crowns and the flowers: since he died from the place,
Why let all die with him; let the blossoms go wither;
Rain myrtles and olive-buds down on his face;
Rain the myrrh down, let all that is best fall a-pining.
Since the myrrh of his life from thy keeping is swept!—
Pale he lay, thine Adonis, in purples reclining:
The Loves raised their voices around him and wept.
They have shorn their bright curls off to cast on Adonis;
One treads on his bow; on his arrows, another;
One breaks up a well-feathered quiver; and one is
Bent low at a sandal, untying the strings;
And one carries the vases of gold from the springs,
While one washes the wound, and behind them a brother
Fans down on the body sweet air with his wings.

Cytherea herself, now the Loves are lamenting,

Each torch at the door Hymenæus blew out;
And, the marriage-wreath dropping its leaves as repenting,
No more "Hymen, Hymen," is chanted about;
But the *ai, ai,* instead—"ai, alas" is begun,
For Adonis, and then follows "ai Hymenæus!"
The graces are weeping for Cinyras' son,
Sobbing low, each to each, "His fair eyes cannot see us!"—
Their wail strikes more shrill than the sadder Dione's.
The Fates mourn aloud for Adonis, Adonis,
Deep chanting: he hears not a word that they say;
He *would* hear, but Persephone has him in keeping.
Cease moan, Cytherea! leave pomps for to-day,
And weep new, when a new year refits thee for weeping.

BION (fl. 200 B. C.), ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, tr.

The Lament for Bion.

WAIL, let me hear you wail, ye woodland glades, and thou Dorian water; and weep ye rivers, for Bion, the well-beloved! Now all ye green things mourn, and now ye groves lament him, ye flowers now in sad clusters breathe yourselves away. Now redden ye roses, in your sorrow, and now wax red, ye wind-flowers, now thou hyacinth, whisper the letters on thee graven,

and add a deeper *ai ai* to thy petals; he is dead, the beautiful singer.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ye nightingales that lament among the thick leaves of the trees, tell ye to the Sicilian waters of Arethusa the tidings that Bion the herdsman is dead, and that with Bion, song too has died, and perished hath the Dorian minstrelsy.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ye Strymonian swans, sadly wail ye by the waters, and chant with melancholy notes the dolorous song, even such a song as in his time with voice like yours he was wont to sing. And tell again to the Œagrian maidens, tell to all the Nymphs Bistonian, how that he hath perished, the Dorian Orpheus.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

No more to his herds he sings, that beloved herdsman, no more 'neath the lonely oaks he sits and sings, nay, but by Pluteus's side he chants a refrain of oblivion. The mountains too are voiceless: and the heifers by the bulls that wander with the herds lament and refuse their pasture.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Thy sudden doom, O Bion, Apollo himself lamented, and the Satyrs mourned thee, and the Priapi in sable raiment, and the Panes sorrow for thy song, and the

fountain fairies in the wood made moan, and their tears turned to rivers of waters. And Echo in the rocks laments that thou art silent, and no more she mimics thy voice. And in sorrow for thy fall the trees cast down their fruit, and all the flowers have faded. From the ewes hath flowed no fair milk, no honey from the hives, nay, it hath perished for mere sorrow in the wax, for now hath thy honey perished, and no more it behooves men to gather the honey of the bees.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Not so much did the dolphin mourn beside the sea-banks, nor ever sang so sweet the nightingale on the cliffs, nor so much lamented the swallow on the long ranges of the hills, nor shrilled so loud the halcyon o'er his sorrows.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Nor so much, by the gray sea-waves, did ever the sea-bird sing, nor so much in the dells of dawn did the birds of Memnon bewail the son of the Morning, fluttering around his tomb, as they lamented for Bion dead.

Nightingales, and all the swallows that once he was wont to delight, that he would teach to speak, they sat over against each other on the boughs and kept moaning, and the birds sang in answer, "Wail, ye wretched ones, even ye!"

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Who, ah, who will ever make music on thy pipe, O thrice desired Bion, and who will put his mouth to the reeds of thine instrument? who is so bold?

For still thy lips and still thy breath survive, and Echo, among the reeds, doth still feed upon thy songs. To Pan shall I bear the pipe? Nay, perchance even he would fear to set his mouth to it, lest, after thee, he should win but the second prize.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Yea, and Galatea laments thy song, she whom once thou would'st delight, as with thee she sat by the sea-banks. For not like the Cyclops didst thou sing—him fair Galatea ever fled, but on thee she still looked more kindly than on the salt water. And now hath she forgotten the wave, and sits on the lonely sands, but still she keeps thy kine.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

All the gifts of the Muses, herdsman, have died with thee, the delightful kisses of maidens, the lips of boys; and woful round thy tomb the Loves are weeping. But Cypris loves thee far more than the kiss wherewith she kissed the dying Adonis.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

This, O most musical of rivers, is thy second sorrow, this Meles, thy new woe. Of old didst thou lose Homer, that sweet mouth of Calliope, and men say

thou didst bewail thy goodly son with streams of many tears, and didst fill all the salt sea with the voice of thy lamentation—now again another son thou weepest, and in a new sorrow art thou wasting away.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Both were beloved of the fountains, and one ever drank of the Pegasean fount, but the other would drain a draught of Arethusa, and the one sang the fair daughter of Tyndarus, and the mighty son of Thetis, and Menelaus, Atreus' son, but that other,—not of wars, not of tears, but of Pan would he sing, and of herdsmen would he chant, and so singing, he tended the herds. And pipes he would fashion, and would milk the sweet heifer, and taught lads how to kiss, and Love he cherished in his bosom and woke the passion of Aphrodite.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Every famous city laments thee, Bion, and every town. Ascra laments thee far more than her Hesiod, and Pindar is less regretted by the forests of Bœotia. Not so much did pleasant Lesbos mourn for Alcæus, nor did the Teian town so greatly bewail her poet, while for thee more than for Archilochus doth Paros yearn, and not for Sappho, but still for thee doth Mytilene wail her musical lament.

. . . . . .

And in Syracuse Theocritus; but I sing thee the dirge of an Ausonian sorrow, I that am no stranger to

the pastoral song, but heir of the Doric Muse which thou didst teach thy pupils. This was thy gift to me; to others didst thou leave thy wealth, to me thy minstrelsy.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley, and the curled trendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year; but we men, we the great and mighty, or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence; a night long, and endless, and unawakening sleep. And thou, too, in the earth wilt be lapped in silence, but the nymphs have thought good that the frog should eternally sing. Nay, him I would not envy, for 't is no sweet song he singeth.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Poison came, Bion, to thy mouth, thou didst know poison. To such lips as thine did it come, and was not sweetened? What mortal was so cruel that could mix poison for thee, or who could give thee venom that heard thy voice? Surely he had no music in his soul.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

But justice hath overtaken them all. Still for this sorrow I weep, and bewail thy ruin. But ah, if I might have gone down like Orpheus to Tartarus, or as once Odysseus, or Alcides of yore, I too would

speedily have come to the house of Pluteus that thee perchance I might behold, and if thou singest to Pluteus, that I might hear what is thy song. Nay, sing to the Maiden some strain of Sicily, sing some sweet pastoral lay.

And she too is Sicilian, and on the shores by Etna she was wont to play, and she knew the Dorian strain. Not unrewarded will the singing be; and as once to Orpheus's sweet minstrelsy she gave Eurydice to return with him, even so will she send thee too, Bion, to the hills. But if I, even I, and my piping had aught availed, before Pluteus I too would have sung.

MOSCHUS (260 B. C.), ANDREW LANG, tr.

To Heliodora.

TEARS, Heliodora! tears for thee, companion of the dead,
Last yearnings of thy husband's love to Hades now I shed:
Tears from a heart by anguish wrung for her whom I deplore—
Memorials of regretful love upon her tomb I pour.
For thee beloved, even with the dead, thy Meleager sighs,
Now parting with a precious gift which Acheron will not prize,

Where my desirèd blossom now? Its bloom hath
Hades spoiled,
And my consummate flower, alas! the cruel dust hath
soiled.
Thou all-sustaining mother, Earth! oh, clasp her to
thy breast,
My evermore lamented one,—and softly let her rest.

MELEAGER, the Syrian (95 B. C.), JOHN WILSON, tr.

ANOTHER TRANSLATION OF THE SAME.

TEARS for my lady dead,
Heliodore!
Salt tears, and strange to shed,
O'er and o'er;
Go tears and low lament,
Fare from her tomb,
Wend where my lady went,
Down through the gloom—
Sighs for my lady dead,
Tears do I send.
Long love remembered,
Mistress and friend!
Sad are the songs we sing,
Tears that we shed;
Empty the gifts we bring—
Gifts to the dead!
Ah, for my flower, my Love

Hades hath taken,
Ah, for the dust above,
Scattered and shaken!
Mother of blade and grass,
Earth, in thy breast,
Lull her that gentlest was,
Gently to rest.

ANDREW LANG, tr.

On Corinna's* Parrot.

OUR parrot, sent from India's farthest shore,
Our parrot, prince of mimics is no more.
Throng to his burial, pious tribes of air,
With rigid claw your tender faces tear!
Your ruffled plumes, like mourners' tresses rend,
And all your notes, like funeral trumpets blend!
Mourn, all that cleave the liquid skies, but chief,
Beloved turtle, lead the general grief,
Through long harmonious days, the parrot's friend,
In mutual faith still loyal to the end!

. . . . . .

Beneath a mound of justly measured size,
Small tombstone, briefest epitaph, he lies,
His mistress' darling,—that this stone may show—
The prince of feathered speakers lies below.

OVID, the Rev. ALFRED CHURCH, tr.

* Corinna, Julia, daughter of Emperor Augustus.

Elegy on Tibullus.

If bright Aurora mourned o'er Memnon's fate,
  Or the fair Thetis wept Achilles slain,
And the sad sorrows that on mortals wait,
  Can ever move celestial hearts with pain—

Come, doleful Elegy! too just a name!
  Unbind thy tresses fair, in loose attire,
For he, thy bard, the herald of thy fame,
  Tibullus, burns on the funeral pyre.

Refined Tibullus! thou art joined to those
  Living in calm communion with the blest;
In peaceful urn thy quiet bones repose—
  May earth lie lightly where thy ashes rest.

Ovid, Prof. Nicholl, tr.

Carmen iii., Catulli.

Lugete, o Veneres Cupidinesque,
Et quantum est hominum uenustiorum,
Passer mortuus est meæ puellæ,
Passer, deliciæ meæ puellæ,
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat:
Nam mellitus erat suamque norat
Ipsam tam bene quam puella matrem.

Nec sese a gremio illius mouebat,
Sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc
Ad solam dominam usque pipilabat,
Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum,
Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam.
At uobis male sit, malæ tenebræ
Orci, quæ omnia bella deuoratis,
Tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis.
Væ factum male! uæ miselle passer,
Tua nunc opera meæ puellæ
Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow.

Loves and Graces mourn with me—
Mourn, fair youths where'er ye be!
Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is—
Sparrow that was all her bliss;
Than her very eyes more dear;
For he made her dainty cheer,
Knew her well as any maid
Knows her mother; never strayed
From her bosom, but would go
Hopping round her, to and fro;
And to her, and her alone
Chirruped with such pretty tone.
Now he treads the gloomy track
Whence none ever may come back.

Out upon you and your power,
Which all fairest things devour,
Orcus' gloomy shades, that e'er,
Ye took my bird that was so fair!
Ah, the pity of it! Thou
Poor bird, thy doing 't is, that now
My loved one's eyes are swollen and red,
With weeping for her darling dead.

CATULLUS, THEODORE MARTIN, tr.

Elegy on Roses and Youth.

I MUSED how swift time steals all worth,
How roses age and wither with their birth;
Yea, while I speak, the flower with crimson crowned,
Hath fallen, and shed her glories on the ground.
So many births, forms, fates, with changes fraught;
One day begins, and one day brings to naught!
Grieve we that flowers should have so short a grace,
That Nature shows and steals her gifts apace?
Long as the day, so long the red rose lasts;
Eld following close on Youth her beauty blasts:
That flower which Phosphor newly born had known,
Hesper returning, finds a wrinkled crone:
Yet well if, though some brief days past, she die,
Her life be lengthened through posterity!
Pluck roses, girl, when flower, when youth is new,
Mindful the while that thus time flies for you.

AUSONIUS (309–392 A. D.), J. A. SYMONDS, tr.

The Wanderer's Lament.

. . . . . .

Then thought he wisely upon the place of walls,
And deeply considered this dark life:
Sad in heart oft he remembered bygone *things*,
The many slaughters, and these words he spake:
"Where has gone the steed? where the rider? where the gift-giver?
Where has gone the hall of feasting? Where are the festivities?
Ah, the bright cup! Ah, the mailèd warrior!
Ah, the glory of the prince! How time flies,
Darkened under the night-shade, as it had never been!
As a vestige of the dear company now stands
The wall high with wonders, glittering with serpents:
The strength of spears took off its masters,
Slaughter-greedy weapons;—Fate, the greater *part*,
And tempests beat the rocky slope;
The driving storm freezes the earth,
The terror of winter, when dusk cometh;
The shades of night darken, the north sends forth
The fierce hail-storm, with injury to men;
All is wretched in the earth kingdom—
The decrees of Fate change the world beneath the skies.
Here riches are fleeting, here friends are passing,
Here man is transitory, and kinsman for a time:
All the foundation of the earth shall be desolate."

Early English lyric, ANNA ROBERTSON BROWN, tr.

The Uncertainty of Life.

WHAT is like the life of man,
Toiling through his little span!
Child of hope and doubt and care,
Rocked by transport and despair.

As the hour-glass is his state,
Such the emblem of his fate;
Like its sands which ever flow,
Alternating high and low.

From the Persian of BADAKHSHI (fl. A. D. 905).

The Vanity of Regret.

NOTHING in this world of ours
Flows as we would have it flow;
What avail, then, careful hours,
Thought and trouble, tears and woe?
Through the shrouded veil of earth,
Life's rich colours gleaming bright,
Though in truth of little worth,
Yet allure with meteor light.

Life is torture and suspense;
Thought is sorrow—drive it hence!
With no will of mine I came,
With no will depart the same.

OMAR KHAYYÁM (1018–1123).

Elegy on Madoc.

Will not the tribes weep for the loss of Madoc?
Hawk of battles bold, and powerful chieftain.
Have not my heart's tears ebbed completely away,
And is not my heart bursting through this loss?
The loss of Madoc, sorrowful recollection,
Makes the heart wither from regret.

Einion (Wan), (XIII. century).

Lament for Departed Friends.

Ivor is gone! my friend most dear;
And Nest, sweet soother of my care!
My soul's delight, dear Morvydd's fled,—
All moulder in their clay-cold bed,
And I, oppressed with woe remain,
Victim to age and lingering pain.

Davydd ab Gwilym, *temps* Edward III. (XIV. century).

Canzone. Lament for Selvaggia.

Ay me, alas! the beautiful bright hair
That shed reflected gold
O'er the green growths on either side the way:
Ay me, the lovely look, open and fair

Which my heart's core doth hold
With all else of that best remembered day;
Ay me, the face made gay
With joy that love confers;
Ay me, that smile of hers
Where whiteness as of snow was visible
Among the roses at all seasons red!
Ay me, and was this well
O Death, to let me live when she is dead?

Ay me, the calm, erect, dignified walk;
Ay me, the sweet salute,—
The thoughtful mind,—the wit discretely worn;
Ay me! the clearness of her noble talk,
Which made the good take root
In me, and for the evil woke my scorn;
Ay me! the longing born
Of so much loveliness—
The hope whose eager stress
Made other hopes fall back to let it pass
Even till my load of love grew light thereby!
These thou hast broken, as glass,
O Death, and makest me alive to die!

Ay me! Lady, the lady of all worth;
Saint for whose single shrine
All other shrines I left, even as Love willed;—
Ay me! what precious stone in the whole earth,
For that pure fame of thine
Worthy the marble statue's base to yield?
Ay me! fair vase fulfill'd

With more than this world's good,—
By cruel chance and rude
Cast out upon the steep path of the mountains
Where death hath shut thee in between hard stones!
Ay me! two languid fountains
Of weeping are these eyes, which joy disowns.
Ay me, sharp Death, till what I ask is done,
And my whole life is ended utterly,—
Answer,—must I weep on
Even thus and never cease to moan, ay me?

CINO DA PISTOIA (1270-1337), D. G. ROSSETTI, tr.

At the Grave of Selvaggia.

Io FU' in sull' alto e in sul beato monte,
Ove adorai baciando il santo sasso,
E caddi in su quella pietra, oimè lasso!
Ove l' onestrà pose la sua fronte;
E ch' ella chiuse d'ogni virtù il fonte
Quel giorno che di morte acerbo passo
Fece la donna dello mio cor,—lasso!—
Già piena tutta d' adornezze conte.
Quivi chiamai a questa guisa Amore:
"Dolce mio Dio, fa che quinci mi traggia
La morte a se, che qui giace il mio cor!"
Ma poi che non m' intese il mio signore,
Mi disparti, pur chiamando, Selvaggia!
L' alpe passai, con voce di dolore.

CINO DA PISTOIA.

TRANSLATION.

I WAS upon the high and blessed mound
And kissed, long worshipping, the stones and grass,
There, on the hard stones, prostrate, where, alas!
That pure one laid her forehead in the ground.
Then were the springs of gladness sealed and bound,
The day that unto Death's most bitter pass
My sick heart's lady turned her feet, who was
Already in her gracious life renown'd.
So in that place I spake to Love, and cried:
'O sweet my god, I am whom death may claim
Hence to be his; for lo, my heart lies here.'
Anon, because my Master lent no ear,
Departing still I called Selvaggia's name.
So with my moan I left the mountain side.

ROSSETTI, tr.

Canzone. Of His Dead Lady.

DEATH, why hast thou made life so hard to bear,
Taking my lady hence? Hast thou no whit
Of shame? The youngest flower, and the most fair
Thou hast plucked away, and the world wanteth it.
O leaden Death, hast thou no pitying?
Our warm love's very spring
Thou stoppest, and endest what was holy and meet;
And of my gladdening

Makest a most woful thing,
And in my heart dost bid the bird not sing
That sang so sweet.

Once the great joy and solace that I had
Was more than is with other gentlemen:—
Now is my love gone hence, who made me glad.
With her that hope I lived in, she hath ta'en,
And left me nothing but these sighs and tears,—
Nothing of the old years
That come not back again,
Wherein I was so happy, being hers.
Now to mine eyes her face no more appears,
Nor doth her voice make music in mine ears
As it did then.

O God, why hast thou made my grief so deep?
Why set me in the dark to grope and pine?
Why parted me from her companionship,
And crushed a hope which was a gift of thine?
To think, dear, that I never anymore,
Can see thee as before!
Who is it shuts thee in?
Who hides that smile for which my heart is sore,
And drowns those words that I am longing for,
Lady of mine?

Where is my lady and the lovely face
She had, and the sweet motion when she walk'd?
Her chaste, mild favor—her so delicate grace—

Her eyes, her mouth, and the dear way she talk'd?
Her courteous bending—her most noble air,—
The soft fall of her hair?
My lady—she who to my soul so rare—
A gladness brought!
Now I do never see her anywhere,
And may not looking in her eyes, gain there
The blessing which I sought.

So if I had the realm of Hungary,
With Greece, and all Almayne even to France,
Or St. Sophia's treasure-hoard, you see
All could not give me back her countenance.
For since the day when my dear lady died
From us (with God being born and glorified),
No more pleasaunce
Her image bringeth, seated at my side,
But only tears. Ay me! the strength and pride
Which it brought once.

Had I my will, beloved, I would say
To God, unto whose bidding all things bow,
That we were still together night and day:
Yet be it done, as His behests allow.
I do remember that while she remained
With me, she often called me her sweet friend;
But does not now,
Because God drew her toward Him, in the end.
Lady, that peace—which none but He can send
Be thine, even so.

GIACOMINO PUGLIESI, ROSSETTI, tr.

On the Death of Beatrice.

THE eyes that weep for pity of the heart,
Have wept so long that their grief languisheth,
And they have no more tears to weep withal:
And now if I would ease me of a part
Of what little by little leads to death,
It must be done by speech or not at all.
And because often, thinking, I recall
How it was pleasant ere she went afar
To talk of her with you kind damozels,
I talk with no one else,
But only with such hearts as women's are.
And I will only say—still sobbing as speech fails,—
That she hath gone to Heaven suddenly,
And hath left Love below, to mourn with me.

Beatrice is gone up into high Heaven,
The kingdom where the angels are at peace;
And lives with them; and to her friends is dead.
Not by the frost of winter was she driven
Away, like others; nor by summer-heats;
But through a perfect gentleness instead.
For from the lamp of her meek lowlihead
Such an exceeding glory went up hence
That it woke wonder in the Eternal Sire,
Until a sweet desire
Entered Him for that lovely excellence,
So that He bade her to Himself aspire:

Counting this weary and most evil place
Unworthy of a thing so full of grace.

Wonderfully out of the beautiful form
  Soared the clear spirit waxing glad the while;
    And is in its first home, there where it is.
Who speaks thereof, and feels not the tears warm
  Upon his face, must have become so vile
    As to be dead to all sweet sympathies.
    Out upon him! an abject wretch like this
May not imagine anything of her,—
  He needs no bitter tears for his relief.
  But sighing comes, and grief,
And the desire to find no comforter
  (Save only Death, who makes all sorrows brief),
To him who for awhile turns in his thought
How she hath been among us and is not.

With sighs my bosom always laboreth
  In thinking, as I do continually,
    Of her for whom my heart now breaks apace;
And very often when I think of death,
  Such a great inward longing comes to me
    That it will change the colour of my face;
    And, if the idea settles in its place
All my limbs shake as with an ague fit;
  Till, starting up in wild bewilderment,
  I do become so shent,
That I go forth, lest folk misdoubt of it.
  Afterward, calling with a sore lament

On Beatrice, I ask, 'Canst thou be dead?'
And calling on her I am comforted.

. . . . . .

Weep, pitiful Song of mine, upon thy way
To the dames going, and the damozels,
For whom and for none else,
Thy sisters have made music many a day,
Thou that art very sad, and not as they,
Go dwell thou with them as a mourner dwells.

Vita Nuova, XXXII., ROSSETTI, tr.

WHATEVER while the thought comes over me
That I may not again
Behold the lady whom I mourn for now,
About my heart my mind brings constantly
So much of extreme pain
That I say, 'Soul of mine, why stayest thou?'
Truly the anguish, soul, that we must bow
Beneath, until we win out of this life,
Gives me full oft a fear that trembleth:
So that I call on Death,
Even as in Sleep one calleth after strife,
Saying, 'Come unto me, Life showeth grim
And bare'; and if one dies, I envy him.
Forever among all my sighs which burn,
There is a piteous speech
That clamours upon death continually:

Yea, unto him doth my whole spirit turn
Since first his hand did reach
My Lady's life with most foul cruelty,
But from the heights of woman's fairness, she
Going up from us, with the joy we had,
Grew perfectly and spiritually fair;
That so she spreads even there
A light of Love which makes the Angels glad,
And even unto their subtle minds can bring
A certain awe of profound marveling.

Vita Nuova, XXXIV., ROSSETTI, tr.

On Death of a Lady, Beatrice's Companion.

DISCOURTEOUS Death, of clemency the foe,
Mother from old of woe,
Thou judgment irresistible severe,
Since sorrow to this heart thou dost not spare,
Therefore in grief I go,
And blaming thee, my very tongue outwear.
And since I wish of grace to strip thee bare,
Behoves me to declare
The wrong of wrongs in this thy guilty blow;
Not that the folk do not already know,
But to make each thy foe,
Who henceforth shall be nurtured with Love's care.
From out the world thou courtesy hast ta'en,

And virtue, which in woman is to praise;
And in youth's gayest days
The charm of love thou hast untimely slain.
Who is this lady I will not declare
Save as her qualities do make her known;
Who merits heaven alone
May have the hope her company to share.

Vita Nuova, CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, tr.

Sonnet lix. On Laura's Death.

GO MOURNFUL verse, to that hard stone which hides
My dearest treasure in the earth; there cry
To her who from her heaven will make reply,
Although her dust in low, dark place abides.
Tell her that I am weary of life's tides,
Of sailing where waves rage so horribly;
But that, her scattered leaves upgathering, I
Still follow step by step as on she guides,
Of her alone, alive and dead, still singing,
(Rather alive and now immortal made)
To bid the world to know her and to love.
Pray her, when hence my soul its flight is winging,
Which soon must be, revealed in light to aid,
And call, and draw me to her side above.

PETRARCH (1304–1374).

Sonnet xxxi.

WHERE is that brow, which by its lightest sign
My heart this way or that, at once could turn?
Where those fair eyes in which two stars did burn,
Lighting along its course this life of mine?
Where the worth, knowledge, wisdom, pure and fine;
The speech sage, good, meek, mild, whence all might learn?
Where all those beauties that I could discern
In her which ruled me long by right divine?
Where is, of that kind face, the shadow dear,
Rest and refreshment of my weary mind,
Face where my every thought was written plain?
Where, where is she, whose hand my life held here?
How much has this sad world lost, ne'er to find!
How much my eyes that none shall dry again?

PETRARCH.

Sonnet lxvi. On Laura's Death.

DEATH, thou hast left the world without its sun
All dark and cold; Love blinded and disarmed;
Grace stripped and bare; beauties grown weak that charmed;
Me, to myself, hard load, with comfort none;
Courtesy banished; goodness wrecked; nor one
Laments, save I, yet all should groan alarmed;

For thou hast virtue in its best shoot harmed.
What second good remains, the first undone?
Tears from the air, the earth, the sea, are due,
To wail man's race, which is of her bereft,
Like meadow without flowers, or gemless ring.
Her, the world, while it had her, never knew:
I knew her, who am here to mourn her left,
And heaven, where through my tears fresh beauties spring.

PETRARCH (translated in *Blackwood* for 1875).

Laura's Death.

THEN did her soul depart in calm content;
Not like a flame quenched by some sudden force,
But one that self-consumed its light hath spent;
E'en to the end life held its wonted course.
Call her not pale, though whiter than the flakes
Fast dropping on a breathless winter's day
O'er some hill-side; her last repose she takes
As one over-wearied with a toilsome way;
Like softest slumbers on her eyelids lying,
When the freed spirit took its homeward flight,
This was to die—the senseless call it dying—
In her bright aspect, Death itself seemed bright.

Trionfo di Morte, PETRARCH.

Lament for the Dethe of Duchesse Blaunche.*

I HAVE of sorwe so grete wone,
That joy gete I never none.
Now that I see my lady bryghte,
Which I have loved with all my myght,
Is fro me ded and ys agoon,
And thus in sorwe lefte me alone.

Allas, Dethe, what ayleth the
That thou noldest have taken me
Whan thou toke my lady swete,
That was so faire, so fresh, so fre,
So goode that men may wel se
Of all goodeness she had no mete.

CHAUCER (1340–1400). From *The Boke of the Duchesse.*

On the Death of Her Father.

O THAT his grave for me had room
Where I at length might calmly rest!
For all to me is saddest gloom,
All scenes appear to me unblest
And all my hope is in his tomb,
To lay my head on his cold breast,
Who left his child nought else to love,—
A mourning dove!

CHRISTINE DE PISAN (1363–1420).

* First wife of John of Gaunt.

The Fairest Thing in Mortal Eyes.*

To MAKE my lady's obsequies
  My love a minster wrought,
And, in the chantry, service there
  Was sung by doleful thought;
The tapers were of burning sighs,
  That light and color gave;
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
  Enluminéd her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved: "Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb
  Of gold, and sapphires blue:
The gold doth show her blessedness,
  The sapphires mark her true:
For blessedness and truth in her
  Were livelily pourtrayed,
When gracious God with both his hands,
  Her goodly substance made,
He framed her in such wondrous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more, my heart doth faint
  When I the life recall

* Addressed to his wife, who died in child-bed at the age of twenty-two.

Of her who lived so free from taint,
  So virtuous deemed by all,—
That in herself was so complete
  I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck his Paradise,
  And with his saints to reign;
Whom while on earth each one did prize,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries;
  All soon or late in death shall sleep;
  Nor living wight long time may keep
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.*

Tr. from the French of CHARLES, Duke of ORLEANS (1391–1465), by HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

To Death—of His Lady.

DEATH, of thee do I make my moan
  Who hadst my lady away from me,
  Nor wilt assuage thine enmity
Till with her life thou hast mine own:
For since that hour my strength has flown.
  Lo! what wrong was her life to thee,
    Death?

*This "fairest thing" was Isabella of France, the child-wife of Richard II. of England, married at eight, a widow at twelve, married her cousin, Charles of Orleans, at twenty-one. Her life was not without its sorrows, as well as joys.

Two we were, and the heart was one;
Which now being dead, dead I must be,
Or seem alive as lifelessly
As in the choir the painted stone,
Death!

FRANÇOIS VILLON (1435–1485), ROSSETTI, tr.

"O Pure and Blessed Soul."

O PURE and blessed soul,
That, from thy clay's control
Escaped, has sought and found thy native sphere,
And from thy crystal throne
Look'st down with smiles alone,
On this vain scene of mortal hope and fear!

Thy happy feet have trod
The starry, spangled road,
Celestial flocks by field and fountain guiding;
And from their erring track
Thou charm'st thy shepherds back,
With the soft music of thy gentle chiding.

O who shall Death withstand,—
Death, whose impatient hand
Levels the lowest plant and loftiest pine?
When shall our ears again
Drink in so sweet a strain,
Our eyes behold so fair a form as thine?

JACOPO SANNAZZARO (1458–1530), tr. by MRS. HEMANS.

Epitaph on Françoise de Foix.

BENEATH this tomb De Foix's fair Frances lies,
On whose rare worth each tongue delights to dwell;
And none, while fame her virtue deifies,
Can with harsh voice the meed of praise repel.
In beauty peerless, in attractive grace,
Of mind enlightened, and of wit refined;
With honour, more than this weak tongue can trace,
The Eternal Father stored her spotless mind,
Alas! the sum of human gifts how small!
Here *nothing* lies, that once commanded all.

FRANCIS I. of France (1494–1547), tr. by LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Epitaph de Marie.

CI REPOSENT les os de la belle Marie,
Qui me fit pour un jour quitter mon Vendomois,
Qui m' echauffa le sang au plus verd des mes mois;
Qui fût toute mon tout, mon bien, et mon envie.

En sa tombe repose honneur et courtoisie.
Et la jeune beauté qu'en l'ame jè sentois.
Et le flambeau d'Amour, ses traits et son carquois,
Et ensemble mon cœur, mes pensées et ma vie.

Tu es, belle Angevine, un bel astre des cieux;
Les anges, tous ravis, se paissent de tes yeux,
La terre te regrette, O beauté sans seconde!

Maintenant tu es vive, et je suis mort d'annui,
Malheureux qui se fie en l' attente d'autrui:
Trois amis m'ont trompé—toi, l'amour, et le monde.

PIERRE RONSARD (1524–1585).

Sonnet on His Lady's Death.

TWAIN that were foes while Marie lived, are fled;
One, laurel-crowned, abides in heaven, one
Beneath the earth has fared, a fallen sun,
A light of love among the loveless dead.
The first is Chastity, that vanquished
The archer Love, that held joint empery
With the sweet beauty that made war on me,
When laughter of lips with laughing eyes has wed.
Their strife the Fates have closed, with stern control,
The earth holds her fair body, and her soul
An angel with glad angels triumpheth;
Love has no more that he can do; desire
Is buried, and my heart a faded fire,
And for Death's sake, I am in love with Death.

RONSARD, ANDREW LANG, tr.

On the Death of Leo Belcari.

THE heavenly sound is hushed, from earth is riven
The harmony of that delightful lyre,
Which leaves the world in grief to gladden heaven,
Yea, even as our sobs from earth aspire,
Mourning his loss, so ring the jocund skies
With those new songs, and dance the angelic choir.
Ah, happy he, who from this vale of sighs,
Poisonous and dark, heavenward hath flown, and lost
Only the vesture, frail and weak that dies:
Freed from the world, freed from the tempest-toss'd
Warfare of sin, his splendour now doth gaze
Full in the face of God through endless days.

GIROLAMO BENIVIENI, SYMONDS' tr.

On His Father's Death.

"*Tu se' del morir morto e fatto divo.*"

THOU art dead of dying, and art made divine;
Nor needst thou fear to change or life or will;
Wherefore my soul well-nigh doth envy thine.
Fortune and time across thy threshold still
Shall dare not pass, the which mid us below,
Bring doubtful joyance blent with certain ill.

Clouds are there none to dim for thee heaven's glow;
The measured hours compel not thee at all;
Chance or necessity thou canst not know.
Thy splendour wanes not when our night doth fall,
Nor waxes with day's light, however clear,
Nor when our suns the season's warmth recalls.

MICHELANGELO (1474–1563), SYMONDS' tr.

Love's Triumph After Death.

"Quand el ministro de' Sospir."

WHEN she who was the source of all my sighs,
Fled from the world, herself, my straining sight,
Nature, who gave us that unique delight,
Was sunk in shame and we had weeping eyes.
Yet shall not vauntful Death enjoy this prize,
This sun of suns which then he veiled in night;
For Love hath triumphed, lifting up her light
On earth and mid the saints in Paradise.
What though remorseless and impiteous doom
Deemed that the music of her deeds would die,
And that her splendour would be sunk in gloom,
The poet's page exalts her to the sky
With life more living in the lifeless tomb,
And death translates her soul to reign on high.

On the death of Vittoria Colonna, MICHELANGELO, SYMONDS' tr.

Epitaph on Herself.

Because she loved much and was little loved,
She lived and died in pain; she rests in peace.
Most faithful lover that was ever proved.
Pray, passer-by, for her repose and ease.
Learn her life's lesson: how a heart unmoved,
A fickle heart, to love she could not cease.

Gaspara Stampa (1524-1554), "George Fleming's" tr.

An Elegy on the Rose.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
Ah! see, whoso fair thing, dost fain to see,
In springing flower the image of the day.
Ah! see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems, the less ye see her may.
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her barèd bosom she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

So passeth in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower;
No more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
Of many a lady, and many a paramour.

Gather therefore, the rose whilst yet in prime,
For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower:
Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
Whilst living, thou mayest lovèd be, with equal crime.

Gerusalemme Liberata, Canzone XVI., 15, TASSO (1544-1595), par. by SPENSER.

On a Christian Knight.

WE NEED not mourn for thee, here laid to rest;
Earth is thy bed, and not thy grave; the skies
Are for thy soul the cradle and the nest;
There live, for here thy glory never dies;
For like a Christian knight and champion blest,
Thou didst both live and die; now feed thine eyes
With thy Redeemer's sight, where, crowned with bliss,
Thy faith, zeal, merit, well-deserving is.

Ger. Liber., TASSO, FAIRFAX'S tr.

Skelton Laureat upon the Dolourus Dethe and muche Lamentable Chaunce of the most Honourable Erle of Northumberlande.*

I WAYLE, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh ful sore
The dedely fate, the dolefull desteney

* This Earl was slain by his retainers for enforcing the commands of the avaricious Henry VII.

Of hym that is gone, alas! without restore,
Of the bloud royall descending nobelly;
Whose lordshype doutles was slayne lamentably
Thorow treson, ageyn him compassed and wrought,
Trew to his prince in word in dede and thought.

Of hevenly poems, O Clyo, calde by name
In the colege of Musis, goddes hystoriall,
Adres thé to me, which am both halt and lame
In elect uteraunce to make memoryall!
To thé for souccour, to thé for helpe I caull,
Mine homely rudness and dryghnes to expell
With the freshe waters of Elyconys well.

Of noble actes aunciently enrolde
Of famous pryncis and lordes of astate,
By thy report ar wont to be extold,
Regestringe trewly every formare date;
Of thy bountie after the usual rate,
Kyndell in me suche plenty of thy noblès
This sorrowfull dites that I may shew expres.

. . . . . .

O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war!
O dolorous tewisday, dedicate to thy name
When thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man to mar!
O ground ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,
Which werte endyed with rede bloud of the same
Most noble erle! O foule mysuryd ground,
Whereon he got his final dedely wounde!

O Atropos, of the fatall systers iii
  Goddes most cruel unto the lyfe of man,
All merciless in thé is no pité!
  O homicide, which sleest all that thou can,
  So forcibly upon this erle thou ran
That with thy sword, enharpit of mortall drede
Thou kit asonder perfight vitall threde.

. . . . . .

Paregall to dukes, with kynges he might compare
  Surmountyng in honour all erylls he did excede;
To all countries aboute hym reporte me I dare;
  Lyke to Eneas benigne in worde and dede,
  Valliant as Hector in every marciall nede,
Prouydent, discrete, circumspect, and wyse,
Tyll the chaunce ran ageyne hym of Fortunes duble
    dyse.

What nedeth me for to extoll his fame
  With my rude pen enkankered all with rust?
Whose noble actes show worshiply his name,
  Transendyng far myne homely muse that muste
  Yet somewhat wright supprised with herty luste
Truly reportyng his right noble estate,
Immortally whiche is immaculate.

. . . . . .

SKELTON (1485–1529).

Lament for Queen Jeannie.*

O BLACK were their stockings, and black were their bands;
And black were the weapons they held in their hands;
O black were their mufflers and black were their shoes;
And black were the cheverons they drew on their luves.

They mourned in the kitchen and they mourned in the ha',
But royal King Henry mourned longest of a'.
Farewell to fair England, farewell forevermore,
For the fair flower of England will never shine more.

From KINLOCH'S *Ancient Scotch Ballads*, ed. by Prof. CHILD, in "English and Scotch Ballads."

On the Death of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

WYATT resteth here, that quick could never rest:
Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain,
And virtue sank the deeper in his breast;
Such profit he by envy could obtain.

* Jane Seymour.

A head where wisdom mysteries did frame,
Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain,
As on a stithe where that some work of fame
Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.

A hand that taught what might be said in rhyme;
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit;
A mark, the which (unperfected for time)
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

An eye whose judgment none effect could blind,
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile,
Whose piercing look did represent a mind
With virtue fraught, reposed, void of guile.

A visage stern and mild; where both did grow
Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice:
Amid great storms, where grace assured so
To live upright and smile at fortune's choice.

A heart where dread was never so imprest,
To hide the thought that might the truth advance:
In neither fortune lost, nor yet represt,
To swell in youth, or yield unto mischance.

A valiant corpse, where force and beauty met,
Happy alas, too happy but for foes,
Lived, and ran the race that nature set
Of manhood's shape, when she the mould did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,
  Which left, with such as covet Christ to know,
Witness of faith that never could be dead;
  Sent for our health, but not received so.

Thus for our guilt this jewell have we lost;
The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of SURREY (1517-1547).

On the Death of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

DIVERS thy death do diversely bemoan;
Some, that in presence of thy livelihed
Lurked, whose breasts envy with hate had swoln,
Yield Cæsar's tears upon Pompeius' head.
Some, that watched with the murd'rer's knife,
With eager thirst to drink thy guiltless blood,
Whose practice brake by happy end of life,
With envious tears to hear thy fame so good.
But I, that know what harboured in that head;
What virtues rare were tempered in that breast,
Honour the place that such a jewel bred,
And kiss the ground where the corpse doth rest;
  With vapoured eyes; from whence such streams
    availe,
  As Pyramus did on Thisbe's breast bewail.

SURREY.

A Dirge.

Ring out your bells! let mourning shows be
spread:
For Love is dead,
All love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain:
Worth, as not worth, rejected
And faith fair scorn doth gain.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Weep, neighbours, weep! do you not hear it
said
That Love is dead?
His death-bed peacock's Folly;
His winding sheet is Shame;
His will False-seeming wholly;
His sole executor, Blame.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus.
Good Lord, deliver us!

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead;
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My mistress' marble heart;

Which epitaph containeth,
'Her eyes were once his dart.'
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Alas, I lie; rage hath this error bred;
Love is not dead;
Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatchèd mind,
Where she his counsel keepeth,
Till due deserts she find.
Therefore from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a frenzy,
Who love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

PHILIP SIDNEY (1554–1586).

Love Elegy.

LYKE as a ship, that through the ocean wyde
By conduct of some star doth make her way,
Whenas a storm hath dimd her trusty guyde,
Out of her course doth wander far astray,
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with cloudes is over-caste,
Doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,

Through hydden perils round about me plast.
Yet hope I well that when this storme is past,
My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
In secret sorrow and sad pensivenesse.

From the *Amoretti* Sonnets. EDMUND SPENSER (1553–1599).

Daphnaïda.

An Elegy on the death of the Noble and Vertuous Douglas Howard, Daughter and Heir of Henry, Lord Howard, and Wife of Arthur Gorges, Esquier.

WHAT man henceforth that breatheth vitall aire
Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers adore,
Which so unjustly doth their judgments share
Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore
The innocent as those which do transgresse,
And does not spare the best or fairest more
Than worst or foulest, but doe both oppresse?

If this be right, why did they then create
The world so faire, sith faireness is neglected?
Or why be they themselves immaculate,
If purest things be not by them respected?
She faire, she pure, most faire, most pure she was,
Yet was by them as thing impure rejected;
Yet she in pureness heaven itself did passe.

In pureness and in all celestiall grace
That men admire in goodly womankind,
She did excell, and seem'd of angels race,
Living on earth like angell, now divinde,*
Adorn'd with wisdome and with chastitie,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

No age hath bred (since first Astrea left
The sinfull world) more virtue in a wight;
And, when she parted hence, with her she reft
Great hope, and rob'd her race of beautie quight.
Well may the shepheard lasses now lament;
For doubble losse by her hath in them light,
To loose both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let Elissa, royall Shepheardesse,
The praises of my parted love envy,
For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse,
Pour'd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
By her own Shephearde, Colin, her owne Shephearde,
That her with heavenly hymnes doth deifie,
Of rustick Muse, full hardly to be better'd.

She is the rose, the glory of the day,
And mine the primrose in the lowly shades:
Mine? ah, not mine! amisse I mine did say:
Not mine, but His which mine awhile her made;
Mine to be his, with him to live for aye.

* Divinde, made divine.

O that so faire a flower so soon should fade,
And through untimely tempest fall away!

She fell away in her first ages spring,
Whilst yet her leafe was greene, and freshe her rinde;
And whilst her braunche fair blossomes forth did bring,
She fell away against all course of kinde.*
For age to die is right, but youth is wrong;
She fell away like fruite blowne down with winde.
Weepe, Shephearde! weepe, to make my undersong.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Elegy on Dido.

Being the Eleventh Æglogue in the Shepheards Calendar, an imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Louise, the Frenche Queene, but far passing his reach.—E. K.

THENOT. Colin, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou were wont, songs of jouisaunce?
Thy Muse to long slumbreth in sorrowing,
Lulléd asleepe through love's misgovernaunce.
Now somewhat sing, whose endless sovenaunce
Emong the shepheards swaines may aye remain,
Whether thee list thy lovéd lasse advaunce,
Or honour Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.

Colin. Thenot, now nis the time of merrimake,
Nor Pan to herye, nor with love to playe;

* Kinde, *i. e.*, nature.

Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade, under the cockéd hay.
But now sadde winter welked hath the day,
And Phœbus, weary of his yerely task,
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowly laye,
And taken up his ynne in Fishes haske.
Thilk sullein season sadder plight doth aske,
And loatheth sike delightes as thou dost prayse:
The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne maske,
As she was wont in youngth and sommer dayes;
But if thou algate lust light virelays,
And looser songs of love, to underfong,
Who but thyself deserves sike poetes prayse?
Relieve thy oaten pypes that sleepen long.

Then. The nightingale is sovereigne of song,
Before him fits the titmose silent bee;
And I, unfitte to thrust in skilful thronge,
Should Colin make judge of my fooleree:
Nay, better learne of hem that learnéd bee,
And han be watered at the Muses well;
The kindelye dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wrathe and season chill
Accorde not with thy Muses merriment,
To sadder times thou mayest attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreariment;
For dead is Dido, dead, alas! and drent;
Dido! the greate shephearde his daughter sheene,
The fayrest may she was that ever went,

Her like shee has not left behinde, I weene.
And, if thou wilt bewayl my woefull tene,
  I shall give thee yond cosset for thy payne;
And, if thy rymes as rounde and rufull bene
  As those that did thy Rosalind complayne,
  Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne
Than kidde or cosset which I thee bynempt.
  Then up, I say, thou jolly shepeheard swayne,
Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

Colin. Thenot, to that I choose, thou doest mee tempt;
  But ah, too well I wote my humble vaine
And howe my rymes bene rugged and unkempt;
  Yet, as I conne, my conning I will strayne,
"Up, then, Melpomene! the mournefulest Muse of Nyne,
Such cause of mourning never hadst afore;
Up, grieslie ghostes! and up my rufull ryme!
Matter of myrth now shalt thou have no more;
For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.
  Dido, my deare, alas! is dead,
  Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead;
O heavie herse!
  Let streaming teares be pourèd out in store;
O carefull verse!

"Shepeheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,
Waile ye this woful waste of Natures warke;
Waile we the wight whose presence was our pryde;

Waile we the wight whose absence is our carke;
The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke;
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night.
O heavie herse!
Break we our pypes that shrilled as loude as larke;
O carefull verse!

"Why do we longer live (ah, why live we so long?)
Whose better dayes Death hath shut up in woe?
The fairest flower our gyrlond all emong.
Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.
Sing now, ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe,
The songs that Colin made you in her praise,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes.
O heavie herse!
Now is time to die; nay, time was long ygoe:
O carefull verse!

"Whence is it that the flouret of the fielde doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale;
Yet, soone as Spring his mantle hath displayde,
It floureth fresh, as it should never fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most availe,
As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
Reliven not for any good;
O heavie herse!
The braunche once dead, the budde eke needes must quaile;
O carefull verse!

"Shee, while shee was (that was, a woful worde to
sayne!)
For beauties prayse and pleasance had no peere;
So well shee couth the shepheardes entertayne
With cakes and cracknels and such country chere:
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine;
For she would call him often heme,
And give hem curds and clouted creame;
O heavie herse!
Als Colin Clout she would not once disdayne;
O carefull verse!

"But now sike happy chere is turned to heavie
chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displast by dolours dint:
All musick sleepes where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in grey is tinct;
The gaudie gyrlonds deck her grave,
The faded flowres her corse embrave.
O heavie herse!
Mourne now, my Muse, now mourne with teares
besprint;
O carefull verse!

"O thou greate shepheard, Lobbin, how great is
thy griefe!
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rush-ringes, and gilt rosemaree?

For she deemed nothing too deare for thee.
Ah! they bene all yclad in clay;
One bitter blast blew all away.
O heavie herse!
Thereof nought remayns but the memoree;
O carefull verse!

"Ay me, that drearie Death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can undoe Dame Natures kindly course;
The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
The flouds doe gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,
And flouds of teares flow in their stead perforse:
The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr sondry colours tourne.
O heavie herse!
The heavens doe melt in teares without remorse;
O carefull verse!

"The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang theyr heades as they would learne to weepe;
The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,
Except the wolves, that chase the wandring sheepe,
Now she is gone that safely did hem keepe:
The turtle on the bared braunch
Laments the wound that Death did launch.
O heavie herse!
And Philomele her song with teares doth steepe;
O carefull verse!

"The water-nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her gyrlond olive-braunches beare,
Now balefull boughes of cypresse doen advaunce,
The Muses that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter eldre-braunches seare;
The fatall Sisters eke repent
Her vitall threde so soone was spent,
O heavie herse!
Morne now, my Muse, now morne, with heavy cheare,
O carefull verse!

"O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortall men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
And shooting wide do miss the markéd scope;
Nowe have I learned (a lesson derely bought!)
That nys on earth assurance to be sought;
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hold.
O heavie herse!
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought;
O carefull verse!

"But maugre Death, and dreaded Sisters dedly spight,
And gates of Hel, and fyrie Furies ferse,
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb! thy losse no longer lament;

Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent,
O happye herse!
Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse;
O joyfull verse!

"Why wayle we then? why weary we the gods with playnts,
As if some evill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddes now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light,
And is installéd now in heavens hight.
I see thee, blesséd soule, I see
Walke in Elisian fieldes so free.
O happy herse!
Might I once come to thee (O, that I might!)
O joyfull verse!

"Unwise and wretched men to weete what's good or ill,
Wee deeme of death as doome of ill desert;
But knewe wee, fooles, what it us bringes until,
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert!
No daunger then the shepheard can astert;
Fayre fields and pleasaunt layes there bene;
The fields ay fresh, the grass ay greene.
O happy herse!
Make haste, ye shepheards, thether to revert:
O joyfull verse!

"Dido is gone afore (whose turne shall be the next?);
There lives shee with the blessed gods in blisse,

There drincks shee nectar with ambrosia mixt,
And joyes enjoyes that mortall men doe misse,
The honour now of highest gods she is,
That whilome was poore shepheards pryde,
While here on earth shee did abyde.
O happy herse!
Cease now, my song, my woe now wasted is;
O joyfull verse!"

Then. Ay, francke shepheard, how bene thy verses meint
With dolefull pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte
Whether rejoyce, or weepe for great constrainte,
Thine be the cossette, well hast thou it gotte.
Up Colin, up! ynough thou morned hast;
Now gynes to mizzle; hie we homeward fast.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Astrophel.

A Pastorall Elegie upon the death of the most noble and most valourous knight, Sir Philip Sidney. Dedicated to the most beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the Countesse of Essex.

SHEPHEARDS, that wont, on pipes of oaten reed,
Oft times to plaine your loves concealéd smart;
And with your piteous layes have learned to breed
Compassion in a country lasses hart;
Hearken, ye gentle shepheardes, to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournful verse,
The mournfullst verse that ever man heard tell:
To you whose softened hearts it may empierse
With dolours dart for death of Astrophel,
To you I sing and to none other wight,
For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nycer wit
Shal hap to heare, or covet them to read,
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living, but the dead.
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be mooved to pity such a case.

A gentle Shephearde been in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepheard bore,
About the grassie bancks of Haemony,
Did keep his sheep, his litle stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields; and Astrophel he hight.

Young Astrophel, the pride of shepheards praise,
Young Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love:
Far passing all the pastors of his daies,
In all that seemly shepheard might behove.
In one thing onely fayling of the best,
That he was not so happy as the rest.

For from the time that first the Nymph, his mother,
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed;
A sclender swaine, excelling far each other,

In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew up fast in goodenesse and in grace,
And doubly faire woxe both in mynd and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle usage and demeanure myld:
That all mens hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguyld.
Ne Spight itselfe, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent,
Sweet without soure, and honny without gall:
And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
When Astrophel so ever was away.

For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast;
As somers larke that with her song doth greet
The dawning day forth comming from the East.
And layes of love he also could compose:
Thrise happie she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
Or make for them as he was wont to doo
For her that did his heart with love inflame.
For which they promised to dight for him
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
Both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill;
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet Woodgods for them often sighéd sore;
Ne for their gifts unworthie of his wit,
Yet not unworthie of the countries store.
For one alone he cared, for one he sigh't
His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight.

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie,
As faire as Venus or the fairest faire,
(A fairer star saw never living eie,)
Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire.
Her he did love, her he alone did honour,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all upon her.

To her he vowd the service of his daies,
On her he spent the riches of his wit;
For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
For onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of love he worthie deemed;
For all the rest but litle he esteemed.

Ne her with ydle words alone he vowed,
And verses vaine (yet verses are not vaine),
But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed,

And bold atchievements her did entertaine.
For both in deeds and wordes he nourtred was
Both wise and hardie, (too hardie alas!)

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong;
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
And all the sports that shepheardes are emong.
In every one he vanquisht every one,
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie
Or rather infelicitie he found,
That every field and forest far away
He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound.
No beast so salvage but he could it kill,
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had,
Did prick him foorth with proud desire of praise
To seek abroad, of daunger nought y' drad,
His mistresse name, and his own fame to raise.
What needeth perill to be sought abroad,
Since round about us it doth make aboad?

It fortuned, as he that perilous game
In forreine soyle pursued far away,
Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of salvage pray.
So wide a forest and so waste as this,
Nor famous Ardeyn, nor fowle Arlo, is.

There his welwoven toyles, and subtil traines,
He laid the brutish nation to enwrap;
So well he wrought with practise and with paines,
That he of them great troups did soone entrap.
Full happie man (misweening much) was hee,
So rich a spoile within his power to see.

Eftsoones, all heedlesse of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale,
Least that his toyle should of their troups be brust.
Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,
Now with his sharp borespear, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
That none might scape (so partiall unto none:)
Ill mynd so much to mynd anothers ill,
As to become unmyndfull of his owne.
But pardon that unto the cruell skies,
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eies.

So as he rag'd emongst the beastly rout,
A cruell beast of most accursed brood
Upon him turnd, (despeyre makes cowards stout,)
And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,
That it both bone and muscles ryved quight.

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
And so huge streames of blood thereout did flow,
That he endured not the direfull stound,

But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw;
And whiles the captive heard his nets did rend,
And, having none to let, too wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepheard peares,
To whom alive was nought so deare as hee;
And ye faire Mayds, the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee?
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed?

Ah! wretched boy, the shape of drery head,
And sad ensample of mans suddein end;
Full litle faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Unpitied, unplaynd, of foe or frend!
Whilst none is nigh, thine eylids up to close,
And kisse thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepheards sewing of the chace,
As they the forest raunged on a day,
By fate or fortune came unto the place,
Where as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay;
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Had not good hap those shepheards thether led.

They stopt his wound, (too late to stop it was!)
And in their armes then softly did him reare:
Tho (as he wild) unto his loved lasse,
His dearest love, him dolefully did beare.
The dolefulst biere that ever man did see,
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto mee!

She, when she saw her Love in such a plight,
With crudled blood and filthie gore deformed,
That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight,
And her deare favours dearly well adorned;
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see,
She likewise did deforme like him to bee.

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beames in fairest somers day,
She fiersely tore, and with outragious wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away:
And her faire brest, the threasury of ioy,
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares and dried oft:
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath
Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft.
And oft she cald to him, who answered nought,
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret,
And piteous mone the which she for him made,
No toong can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
At last when paine his vitall poures had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staied not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste:
Forthwith her ghost out of her corps did flit,

And followed her make like turtle chaste:
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love so firmly tide.

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
And, pittying this paire of lovers trew,
Transformed them there lying on the field
Into one flowre that is both red and blew;
It first grows red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like Astrophel which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly formed as any star in skyes:
Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes:
And all the day it standeth full of deow,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of some, Starlight is cald by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well;
But thou, where ever thou doest finde the same,
. .m this day forth do call it Astrophel:
And when so ever thou it up doest take,
Do p..uck it softly for that shepheardes sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loved him full deare,
And sure full deare of all he loved was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.
And when that pitteous spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish and great griefe opprest:
And every one did weep and waile, and mone,
And meanes deviz'd to show his sorrow best.
That from that houre, since first on grassie greene
Shepheards kept sheep, was not like mourning seen.

EDMUND SPENSER.

The Dolefull Lay of Clorinda.

. . . . . .

Woods, hills, and rivers now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace,
And all the fields do waile their widowed state,
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface;
The fairest flowre in field that ever grew,
Was Astrophel; that was, we all may rew.

. . . . . .

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so rich a flowre?
Untimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defacèd in untimely houre.
Great losse to all that ever him did see;
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to me.

Break now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheards lasses
Sith the faire flowre which them adorned is gon:

The flowre which them adorn'd is gon to ashes
Never againe let lasse put gyrlonde on.
Instead of gyrlonde, weare sad cypresse nowe,
And bitter elder broken from the bowe.

Ne ever sing the love-layes which he made;
Who ever made such layes of love as he?
Ne ever read the riddles which he sayd
Unto yourselves, to make you merry glee,
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
Your merry-maker now, alasse! is dead.

. . . . . .

O Death! that hast us of such riches reft,
Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him whose flowre here left
Is but the shadow of his likenesse gon?
Scarse like the shadow of that which he was
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas.

But that immortall spirit which was deckt
With all its dowries of celestiall grace,
By soveraine choyce from that heavenly quire selekt,
And lineally derived from angels race,
Oh, what is now of it become, aread,
Ay me! can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah no; it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aie in blissfull Paradise;
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie,
In beds of lilies, wrapt in tender wise.

And compast all about with roses swete,
And daintie violets from head to feet.

. . . . . .

There liveth he in everlasting blis,
Sweet spirit, never fearing more to die.
Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
Ne fearing salvage beasts more crueltie,
Whilst we here, waile, his private lack,
And with vaine vowes do often call him back.

But live thou there, still happie, happie spirit,
And give us leave thee here thus to lament!
Not thee that doest thy heavens ioy inherit,
But our owne selves that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and waile, and weare our eies,
Mourning in others our owne miseries.

MARY SIDNEY, Countess PEMBROKE.

E. Spenser

A Pastorall Aeglogue.

LYCON. Colin, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownde,
This wofull stownde, wherein all things complaine
This great mishap, this greevous loss of oures.
Hearest thou the Orown? how with hollow sownd
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And seemes to say unto the fading flowres,

Along his bankes, unto the bared trees;—
Phillisides is dead! Up iolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help him to mourn. My hart with griefe doth freese,
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: But as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart.

Colon. Ah Lycon, Lycon, what need skill to teach
A grieved mynd powre forth his plaints! how long
Hath the pore turtle gon to school (weenest thou)
To learn to mourne her lost make! No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now?
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heavie cheare.

What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that prunes
Himselfe of late? Did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or gladsome sight appeare
Unto thine eies, since that same fatall howre?
Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
And testified his grief with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre
Doth us invite to make a sad consort;
Come, let us ioyne our mournfull song with theirs.
Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce
Thy voice; and echo will our words report.

Lycon. Though my rude rymes ill with thy verses frame.
That others farre excell; yet will I force
My selfe to answere thee the best I can,
And honor my base words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
In secret shade or cave, vouchsafe (O Pan)
To pardon me, and hear this hard constraint
With patience, while I sing, and pittie it.
And eke ye rurall Muses, that do dwell
In these wilde woods, if ever piteous plaint
Ye did endite, or taught a wofull minde
With words of pure affect his griefe to tell,
Instruct me now. Now, Colin, then go on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behinde.

Colin. Phillisides is dead. O harmfull death,
O deadly harme! Unhappy Albion,
When shalt thou see, emong thy shepheardes all
Any so sage, so perfect! Whom uneath
Envie could touch for vertuous life and skill
Courteous, valiant, and liberall.
Behold the sacred Pales, where with haire
Untrust she sitts, in shade of yonder hill;
And her faire face, bent sadly downe, doth send
A floud of teares to bathe the earth; and there
Doth call the heav'ns despightfull, envious,
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end
Of that same life, well worthie to have bene
Prolonged with many yeares, happie and famous.

The Nymphs and Oreades her round about
Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene;
And with shrill cries, beating their whitest brests,
Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out
To give the fatall stroke. The starres they blame
That deafe or carelesse seeme at their request.
The pleasant shade of stately groves they shun;
They leave their cristall springs, where they wont frame
Sweet bowres of myrtel twigs and lawrel faire,
To sport themselves free from the scorching sun.
And now the hollow caves where horror darke
Doth dwell, whence banisht is the gladsome aire,
They seeke; and there in mourning spend their time
With wailfull tunes, whiles wolves do howl and barke,
And seem to beare a bourdon to their plaint.

Lycon. Phillisides is dead! O dolefull ryme!
Why should by toong expresse thee? Who is left
Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint,
Lycon unfortunate! What spitefull fate,
What lucklesse destinie, hath thee bereft
Of thy chief comfort—of thy onely stay!
Where is become thy wonted happie state,
(Alas!) wherein through many a hill and dale,
Through pleasant woods, and many an unknown way
Along the bankes of many silver streames
Thou with him yodest; and with him did scale
The craggie rocks of th' Alpes and Appenine!
Still with the Muses sporting, while those beames
Of vertue kindled in his noble brest,

Which after did so gloriouslly forth shine!
But (woe is me!) they now yquenched are
All suddeinly, and death hath them opprest.
Loe father Neptune, with sad countenance,
How he sits mourning on the strond now bare,
Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waves
The white feete washeth (wailing this mischance)
Of Dover cliffes. His sacred skirt about,
The sea-gods all are set; from their moist caves
All for his comfort gathered there they be.
The Thamis rich, the Humber rough and stout,
The fruitfull Severne, with the rest are come
To helpe their lord to mourne, and eke to see
The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall,
Of the dead corps passing through his kingdome.
And all the heads, with cypres gyrlonds crown'd
With wofull shrikes salute him great and small,
Eke wailfull Echo, forgetting her deare
Narcissus, their last accents doth resownd.

Colin. Phillisides is dead! O lucklesse age;
O widow world; O brookes and fountains cleere;
O hills, O dales, O woods, that oft have rong
With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
The fiercest wrath of tygre or of beare:
Ye Silvans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
These thickets oft have daunst after his pipe;
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden heare,
That oft have left your purest cristall springs
To hearken to his layes, that coulden wipe

Away all griefe and sorrow from your harts:
Alas! who now is left that like him sings?
When shall you heare againe like harmonie?
So sweet a sownd who to you now imparts?
Loe where engraved by his hand yet lives
The name of Stella in yonder bay tree.
Happie name! happie tree! faire may you grow,
And spred your sacred branch, which honor gives
To famous emperours, and poets crowne.
Unhappie flock that wander scattred now,
What marvell if through grief ye woxen leane,
Forsake your food, and hang your heads adowne!
For such a shepheard never shall you guide,
Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane.

Lycon. Phillisides is dead! O happie sprite,
That now in heav'n with blessed soules doest bide:
Looke down awhile from where thou sitst above,
And see how busie shepheards be to endite
Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
And gratefull memory of their kynd love.
Behold my selfe with Colin, gentle swaine,
(Whose lerned Muse thou cherisht most whyleare,)
Where we, thy name recording, seeke to ease
The inward torment and tormenting paine,
That thy departure to us both hath bred;
Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
Behold the fountains now left desolate,
And withred grasse with cypres boughes bespred;
Behold these floures which on thy grave we strew;

Which, faded, show the givers faded state,
(Though eke they shew their fervent zeale and pure,)
Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whose praiers importune shall the heav'ns for ay,
That, to thy ashes, rest they may assure:
That learned shepheards honor may they name
With yerely praises, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest flowres;
And that forever may endure thy fame.

Colin. The sun (lo!) hastned hath his face to steep
In western waves; and th' aire with stormy showres
Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep:
Lycon, lett's rise, and take of them good keep.
Virtute summa; cætera fortuna.

LUDOVICK BRYSKET.

An Elegie for Astrophel.

. . . . . .

You knew—who knew not? Astrophil:
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possession still?)
Things known, permit me to renew;
Of him you knew his merit such
I cannot say, you heare, too much.

Within these woods of Arcadie
  He chiefe delighte and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine Parthenié,
  Upon the crystall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him everie day,
That taught him sing, and write, and say.

When he descended downe to the mount,
  His personage seemèd most divine,
A thousand graces one might count.
  Upon his lovely cheerfull eine;
To heare him speake, and swetely smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
  A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
  The lineaments of Gospel bookes.
I trow that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was ever eie did see that face,
  Was ever eare did heare that song,
Was ever minde did minde his grace,
  That ever thought the travell long:
But eies and eares, and ev'ry thought
Were with his sweet perfections caught.

. . . . . .

Elegie on a Friend's Passion for his Astrophill appeared anonymously in *The Phœnix Nest*. Todd has shown that it was written by MATTHEW ROYDON.

Epitaph on the Right Honourable Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Governor of Flushing.

To PRAISE thy life, or waile thy worthy deathe,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, divine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And frendly care obscurde in secret brest,
And love that envie in thy life supprest,
Thy deere life done, and dethe, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and living state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

Drawne was thy race aright from princely line;
Nor lesse than such (by gifts that Nature gave,
The common mother that all creatures have),
Doth vertue shew, and princely lineage shine.

A king gave thee thy name; a kingly minde,
That God thee gave, who found it was too deere
For this base world, and hath resumde it neere,
To sit in skies and sort with powers divine.

Kent thy birthdaies, and Oxford held thy youth;
The heavens made hast, and staid nor yeers nor time;

The fruites of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
Thy will, thy wordes, thy wordes the seales of truth.

Great gifts and wisedom rare imployd thee thence,
To treat from kings with those more great than kings;
Such hope men had to lay the highest things
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence!

Whence to sharpe wars sweete honor did thee call,
Thy countries love, religion, and thy frendes:
Of worthy men the marks, the lives, and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labor all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might:
Thy rising day saw never wofull night,
But past with praise from off this worldely stage.

Back to the campe that daye was brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame;
Teares to the soldiers, the proude Castilians shame,
Vertue exprest, and honour trewly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woon?
Yoong yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope unsure
Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shal dure:
Oh! happie race with so great praises, run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the same;
Flanders, thy valure where it last was tried;

The campe, thy sorrow where thy bodie died;
Thy frends, thy want; the worlde, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy love;
Letters thy learning; thy losse yeeres long to come;
In worthie harts sorrow hath made thy tombe;
Thy soule and spright enrich the heavens above.

Thy liberal hart inbalmd in grateful teares,
Yoong sighs, sweete sighes, sage sighes, bewaile thy fall;
Envie her sting, and spite hath left her gall;
Malice hérselfe a morning garment weares.

That day their Hanniball died, our Scipio fell,
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time:
Whose vertues, wounded by my worthelesse rime,
Let angels speake, and heaven thy praises tell.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH (1552–1618).

(Appeared anonymously in *The Phœnix Nest* in 1593, and quoted as early as 1591 by Sir J. Harrington, by whom it was ascribed to RALEIGH. It afterwards appeared as one of the "Astrophel" poems.)

Elegie on Sir Philip Sidney.

SILENCE augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage;
Stald are my thoughts which lov'd and lost the wonder of our age;
Yet quickn'd now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,

Enrag'de I write I know not what; dead, quick, I know not how.

Hard harted mindes relent, and Rigours teares abound,
And Envie strangely rues his end in whom no fault she found;
Knowledge her light hath lost, Valour hath slaine her knight,
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the worlds delight.

Place pensive wailes his fall, whose presence was her pride;
Time crieth out, My ebbe is come, his life was my spring-tide;
Fame mournes in that she lost the ground of her reports;
Ech living wight laments his lacks, and all in sundry sorts.

He was (wo worth that word!) to ech well thinking minde,
A spotless friend, a matchles man, whose vertue ever shinde,
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ,
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest worke of wit.

He, onely like himselfe, was seconde unto none,
Whose deth (though life) we rue, and wrong, and al in vaine doe mone;

Their losse, not him, waile they, that fill the world
with cries;
Deth slue not him, but he made death his ladder to
the skies.

Now sinke of sorrow, I, who live; the more the wronge;
Who wishing deth, whom deth denies, whose thred is
al too long,
Who tied to wretched life, who lookes for no reliefe,
Must ever spend my ever dying daies in never ending
griefe.

Harts ease and onely I, like parallels run on,
Whose equall length keepe equall bredth, and never
meet in one;
Yet for not wronging, him, my thoughts, my sorrowes
cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will, for liking
him so well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking
dreames;
Farewell, sometimes enioyèd ioy, eclipsèd are thy
beames!
Farewell, selfe pleasing thoughts, which quietness
brings foorth;
And farewell, friendships sacred league, uniting mindes
of woorth.

And farewell mery hart, the gifte of guiltles mindes,
And all sports which, for lives restore, varietie assignes;

Let all that sweete is, voyd; in me no mirth may dwell;
Philip, the cause of al this wo, my lives content,
farewell!

Now rime, the sonne of rage, which art no kin to skille,
And endeles griefe, which deades my life, yet knowes
not how to kill,
Go, seeke that haples tombe; which, if ye hap to finde,
Salute the stones that keepe the lims that held so goode
a minde.

FULKE GREVILLE, Lord BROOKE, (1554–1628).

Sonnet to Philip Sidney's Soul.

GIVE pardon, blessed soul! to my bold cries,
If they, importune, interrupt thy song,
Which now with joyful notes thou sing'st among
The angel quiristers of the heavenly skies.
Give pardon, eke, sweet soul! to my slow cries,
That since I saw thee now it is so long;
And yet the tears that unto thee belong,
To thee as yet they did not sacrifice;
I did not know that thou wert dead before,
I did not feel the grief I did sustain;
The greater stroke astonisheth the more,
Astonishment takes from us sense of pain;
I stood amaz'd when others' tears begun,
And now begin to weep when they have done.

HENRY CONSTABLE (1555–1615).

(Prefixed to SIDNEY'S *Apologie for Poetry*, in 1595.)

Sonnet to Philip Sidney.

O THAT most rare breast! crystalline, sincere,
Through which like gold, thy princely heart did shine.
O spirit heroic! O valiant, worthy knight!
O Sidney! Prince of fame, and men's good will;
For thee both kings and princesses do mourn.
Thy noble tomb three cities strange desired!
Foes to the cause thy prowess did defend,
Bewail the day that crost thy famous race!
The doleful debt due to thy hearse I pay,
Tears from the soul, that aye thy want shall moan,
And by my will, my life itself would yield;
If heathen blame, ne might my faith disdain.
O heavy time! that my days draw behind thee!
Thou dead dost live! thy friend here living dieth.

From collection ed. by W. BYRD (1587), in *English Garner.*

Comparison of lyfe and death.

THE lyfe is long, that lothsumly doth last;
The dolefull dayes draw slowly to theyr date:
The present panges and paynefull plages forepast
Yelde griefe aye grene to stablish this estate.
So that I fele, in this great storme, and strife,
That death is swete that endeth such a life.

. . . . . .

Death is a port, whereby we passe to ioy.
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in pain.
Death is so dere it ceaseth all annoy.
Life is so leude that all it yeldes is vayne,
And as by life to bondage man is braught:
Even so likewise by death was fredome wraught.

Author unknown. Tottel's *Miscellany*, ed. by EDW. ARBER (1870).

Prayer for death.

COME gentle death, the ebbe of care,
The ebbe of care, the flood of lyfe,
The flood of lyfe, the ioyfull fare,
The ioyfull fare, the end of strife.
The end of strife, that thing wishe I:
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.

Author unknown. Tottel's *Miscellany*, ed. by EDW. ARBER (1870).

To the Immortal Memory of the Incomparable Hero, Henry, Prince of Wales.

THY tomb, arms, statue, all things fit to fall
At foot of Death, and worship funeral,
Form hath bestowed; for form is nought too dear
Thy solid virtues yet, eternized here,
My blood and wasted spirits have only found
Commanded cost, and broke so rich a ground,

Not to inter, but make thee ever spring,
As arms, tombs, statues, every earthly thing,
Shall fade and vanish into fume before.
What lasts thrives least; yet wealth of soul is poor,
And so 't is kept. Not thy thrice sacred will
Signed with thy death, moves any to fulfill
Thy just bequests to me. Thou dead, then I
Live dead, for giving thee eternity.

GEORGE CHAPMAN (1557 or 9–1634).

Dirge.

COME ye heavy states of night,
Do my father's spirit right;
Soundings baleful let me borrow,
Burthening my song with sorrow:
Come sorrow, come! Her eyes that sings
By thee, are turnèd into springs.

Come you Virgins of the night
That in dirges sad delight,
Quire my anthems; I do borrow
Gold nor pearl, but sounds of sorrow.
Come sorrow, come! Her eyes that sings
By thee, are turnèd into springs.

Reprinted by Mr. ARBER from DOWLAND'S *Second Book of Airs* (1600).

To Delia.

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth.
Let waking eyes suffice to veil their scorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease dreams, th' imag'ry of our day-desires—
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

SAMUEL DANIEL (1562–1619).

Love Elegy.

WHILST thus my pen strives to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,
Where in the map of all my misery,
Is modelled out the world of my disgrace;
Whilst in despite of tyrannizing times,
Medea-like, I make thee young again,
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing rhymes,

And murther'st virtue with thy coy disdain;
And though in youth my youth untimely perish,
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rhymes shall cherish,
When I entombed my better part shall save;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon eternity.

The forty-fourth "Idea." DRAYTON (1563–1631).

Elegy for the Rose.

SWEET rose, fair flower, untimely plucked, soon vaded,*
Plucked in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
Fair creature, killed too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou left'st more than I did crave;
For why? I cravéd nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

From the *Passionate Pilgrim.* SHAKSPERE (1564–1616).

*Vaded, faded.

Sonnet lxiv.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometimes lofty towers I see down-rased,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Of state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That time will come and take my love away,
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

SHAKSPERE.

Dirge for Imogen.

Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
  To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
  Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear no slander, censure rash;
  Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

From *Cymbeline.* SHAKSPERE.

A Sea Dirge.

FULL fathom five thy father lies;
  Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
  Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange;
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—
Ding, dong, Bell.

From *The Tempest.* SHAKSPERE.

Dirge for Love.

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet,
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true-lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

From *Twelfth Night.* SHAKSPERE.

Sonnet lxxiii.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Shakspere.

Epitaph.

Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest;
Till it be called for, let it rest:
For while this jewel here is set,
Thy grave is like a cabinet.

Francis Beaumont (1586–1615).

Dirge.

LAY a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow-branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm,
From my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth.

From *The Maid's Tragedy.* BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

On My Dear Son Gervase Beaumont.

. . . . . .

Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love,
To me was like a friendship far above
The course of nature or his tender age;
Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage:
Let his pure soul,—ordained seven years to be
In that frail body which was part of me—
Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent to show
How to this port at every step I go.

Sir JOHN BEAUMONT (brother of the dramatist).

Penthea's Dying Song.

Oh no more, no more, too late!
Sighs are spent; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as unwritten papers,
Are burnt out; no heat, no light
Now remains; 't is ever night.
Love is dead; let lovers' eyes,
Locked in endless dreams
Th' extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more, for now Love dies.
Now Love dies—implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

From *The Broken Heart.* John Ford (1586–1639).

Calantha's Dirge.

Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease
Can but please
Outward senses, when the mind
Is untroubled, or by peace refined.
Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.
Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.

Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.
Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare
Rest for care.
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart.

From *The Broken Heart.* JOHN FORD.

Epitaph on the Excellent Countess of Huntingdon.

THE chief perfection of both sexes joined,
With neither's vice nor vanity combined;
Of this our age, the wonder, love and care,
The example of the following, and despair;
Such beauty, that from all hearts love must flow,
Such majesty, that none durst tell her so;
A wisdom of so large and potent sway,
Rome's Senate might have wished, her Conclave may:
Which did to earthly thoughts so seldom bow,
Alive she scarce was less in heaven than now;
So void of the least pride, to her alone
These radiant excellencies seemed unknown;
Such once there was; but let thy grief appear,
Reader, there is not: Huntingdon lies here.

Lord FALKLAND (1576–1633).

Corydon's Dolefull Knell.

My Phillida, adieu, love!
For evermore farewell!
Ay me, I 've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell.
Dingdong, dingdong, dingdong,
My Phillida is dead!
I 'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

From Percy's *Reliques*.

Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villiers.*

The purest soul that e'er was sent
Into a clayey tenement,
Informed this dust; but the weak mould
Could the great guest no longer hold;
The substance was too pure; the flame
Too glorious, that hither came:
Ten thousand cupids brought along
A grace on each wing, that did throng
For place there, till they all opprest
The seat in which they sought to rest;
So the fair model broke for want
Of room to lodge the inhabitant.

Thomas Carew (1589–1639).

* Daughter of the Duke of Buckingham.

Epitaph on Maria Wentworth.*

And here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely tempered clay was made
So fine that it the guest betrayed.

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatched a Cherubin.

In height it soared to God above,
In depth it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to general love.

Before, a pious duty shin'd
To parents; courtesy behind;
On either side an equal mind.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe.

So though a virgin, yet a Bride
To every grace; she justify'd
A chaste polygamy and dy'd.

Learn from hence, Reader, what small trust
We owe this world, where virtue must,
Frail as our flesh, crumble to dust.

THOMAS CAREW.

* Eldest daughter of Thomas, Earl of Cleveland.

Elegy to Dr. John Donne.*

. . . . . The flame
Of thy brave soul that shot such heat and light
As burnt our earth, and made our darkness bright,
Committed holy rapes upon the will,
Did through the eye the melting hours distil,
And the deep knowledge of dark truths to teach
As sense might judge, what fancy could not reach.

. . . . . .

Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,
And the blind fate of language, whose tuned chime
More charms the outward sense: yet thou mayst claim
From so great disadvantage greatest fame.
Since to the awe of thine imperious wit
Our troublesome language bends, made only fit
With her tough, thick-ribbed hoops to gird about
Thy giant fancy, which had proved too stout
For their soft melting phrases. . . . .

. . . . . .

But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in poetry.
They will recall the goodly exil'd train
Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign
Was banisht noblest poems.

. . . . . .

* Dean of Saint Paul's.

EPITAPH.

Here lies a King who rul'd as he thought fit,
The Universal Monarchy of wit.
Here lie two Flamens, and both those the best;
Apollo's first, at last, the true God's priest.

THOMAS CAREW.

Elegy on Dr. John Donne.

HE THAT would write an epitaph for thee,
And do it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath lived so:
He must have wit to spare and to hurl down,
Enough to keep the gallants of the Town:
He must have learning plenty; both the laws,
Civil and Common to judge any cause;
Divinity great store above the rest,
Not of the last edition but the best.
He must have language, travel, all the arts;
Judgment to use, or else he wants thy parts;
He must have friends, the highest, able to do,
Such as Mæcenas, and Augustus too:
He must have such a sickness, such a death,
Or else his descriptions come beneath.
Who shall write an epitaph for thee,
He must be dead first; let it alone for me.

DR. CORBET, Bishop of Bristol (1582–1634).

Elegy on the Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Drury.

She, whose fair body no such prison was
But that a soul might well be pleased to pass,
An age in her; she whose rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for so much as they were like to her;
She, in whose body (if we dare prefer
This low world to so high a mark as she),
The western treasure, eastern spicery,
Europe and Afric, and the unknown rest
Were easily found, or what in them was best;
And when we 've made this large discovery
Of all, in her some one part then will be
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;
She, whom had they known, who did first betroth,
The tutelar angels and assigned one both
To nations, cities, and to companies,
To functions, offices, and dignities,
And to each several man, to him and him,
They would have given her one for every limb;
She, of whose soul if we may say 't was gold,
Her body was th' electrum and did hold
Many degrees of that; we understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say, her body thought;
She, she thus richly and largely hous'd is gone

And chides us, slow-paced snails who crawl upon
Our prison's prison earth, nor think us well
Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.

From the *Anatomy of the World.* JOHN DONNE (1573–1626).

Elegy on His First Daughter.

HERE lies to each her parents' ruth,
Mary the daughter of their youth:
Yet all heaven's gifts, being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months' end she parted hence,
With safety of her innocence:
Whose soul heaven's Queen (whose name she bears)
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed among her virgin train;
Where, while that severed doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth,
Which cover lightly, gentle earth.

BEN JONSON (1573–1637).

Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbour give

To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was *Elizabeth*,
The other, let it sleep with death:
Fitter, when it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell.

BEN JONSON.

Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.*

BEN JONSON.

*Another stanza added to this is sometimes seen, when the two are attributed to WILLIAM BROWNE, who it is said placed them upon the "hearse" or catafalque upon which the body of the dead countess rested in Salisbury Cathedral. The stanza reads:

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name, for after days
Some kind woman born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy.*

Weep with me all you that read
This little story,
And know, for whom a tear you shed,
Death's self is sorry.

'T was a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature
As heaven and nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.

Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When fates turned cruel:
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;

And did act what now we moan,
Old men so duly;
As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
He played so truly.

So, by error, to his fate
They all consented;
But, viewing him since, alas, too late,
They have repented,

And have sought to give new birth,
In baths to steep him;
But, being much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

Ben Jonson.

*A Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel.

Epitaph.

WHAT beauty would have lovely styled,
What manners, pretty, nature, mild,
What wonder, perfect, all were filed
Upon record in this blest child.
And, till the coming of the soul,
To fetch the flesh we keep the roll.

BEN JONSON.

To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakspere and what he hath left us.

TO DRAW no envy, Shakspere, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much,
'T is true, and all men's suffrage, but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin when it seemed to raise.
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,

Above the ill-fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore, will begin: Soul of the Age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of the stage!
My SHAKSPERE rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so my brain excuses,—
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou had small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I would not seek
For names, but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for a comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm

Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art
My gentle Shakspere, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain to scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such art thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakspere's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well tunèd and true filèd lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere

Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
Or influence chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned
like night,
And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

BEN JONSON.

Lines to the Memory of Shakspere.

RENOWNÈD Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer; and, rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakspere in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
To lodge all in one bed make a shift,
For, until doomsday hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day and that, by fate be slain,
For whom your curtains need be drawn again.
And if precedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this sable marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakspere, sleep alone.
Thine unmolested peace, in an unshared cave,
Possess as lord, not tenant, of thy grave:
That unto us and others it may be,
Honour enough to be laid by thee.

WILLIAM BASSE (? -1653).

Exequy on His Wife.

Accept, thou shrine of my dead saint,
Instead of dirges, this complaint;
And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse
Receive a shew of weeping verse
From thy grieved friend whom thou mightst see
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss! since thy untimely fate,
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee: thou art the book,
The library wherein I look,
Tho' almost blind. For thee, loved clay,
I languish out, not live, the day,
Using no other exercise
But what I practise with mine eyes;
By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily time creeps about
To one that mourns; this, only this,
My exercise and business is:
So I compute the weary hours
With sighs dissolvèd into showers.
No wonder if my time go thus
Backward and most preposterous;
Thou hast benighted me; thy set
This eve of darkness did beget,
Who wast my ray (tho' overcast
Before thou hadst thy noontide past),
And I remember must in tears,

Thou scarce hadst seen as many years,
As day tells hours. By thy clear sun
My love and fortune first did run;
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion,
Like a fixed star, is fallen and gone,
And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
The earth now interposèd is,
Which such a strange eclipse doth make
As ne'er was read in almanack.

I could allow thee for a time,
To darken me and my sad clime;
Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then;
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou wouldst promise to return;
And putting off thy ashy shroud,
At length disperse this sorrow's cloud.

But woe is me! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes; never shall I
Be so much blest as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till the day come
Which shall this earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world like thine,
My little world! That fit of fire
Once off; our bodies shall aspire
To our souls' bliss: Then we shall rise

And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region, where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.
  Meantime, thou hast her, earth, much good
May my harm do thee. Since it stood
With heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-lived right and interest
In her, whom living, I loved best:
With a most free and bounteous grief
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and prithee, look
Thou write into thy Doomsday book
Each parcel of this rarity,
Which in thy casket shrined doth lie.
See that thou make thy reckoning straight,
And yield her back again by weight;
For thou must audit on thy trust
Each grain and atom of this dust,
As thou wilt answer him that lent,
Not gave, thee my dear monument.
So close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw; my bride is laid.
  Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted.
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room

My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale.
Thus from the sun my vessel steers,
And my day's compass downward bears;
Nor labor I to stem the tide,
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.
'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory,
In thus adventuring to die,
Before me, whose years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But, hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee—I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.
The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear, forgive

The crime,—I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart
Till we shall meet and never part.

HENRY KING, Bishop of Chichester (1591–1669).

A Dirge.

WHAT is the existence of man's life
But open war, or slumbered strife?
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements;
And never feels a perfect peace,
Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood;
And each loud passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower which buds and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream whose seeming truth
Is moralized in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share
As wandering as his fancies are;
Till in the mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial which points out
The sunset as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of time's flight,
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include;
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

HENRY KING.

Elegy upon the Untimely Death of Prince Henry.*

FLY from the skies ye blessed beames of light!
Rise up in ugly vapours, ugly night,
And fettered bring the ravenous monster Fate,
The felon and traitor to our state!

* Son of James I., who died November 6, 1612.

Law-eloquence we need not to convince
His guilt; all know it; 't is he stole our Prince,
The Prince of men, the Prince of all that bore
Ever that princely name: O now no more
Shall his perfections, like the sunbeams, dare*
The purblind world! In heav'n those glories are.
What could the greatest artist Nature add
To increase his graces? Divine form he had,
Striving in all his parts which should surpass;
And like a well-tuned chime his carriage was,
Full of celestial witchcraft, winning all
To admiration and love personal.

. . . . . .

Our young Henry, armed with all the arts
That suit with Empire and the gain of hearts,
Bearing before him fortune, power and love,
Appeared first in perfection, fit to move
Fixt admiration: Tho' his years were green
Their fruit was yet mature.

THOMAS CAMPION (?–1619). Bullen's ed.

To the Most Sacred King James on the Death of Prince Henry.

O GRIEF, how divers are thy shapes wherein men languish!
The face sometime with tears thou fill'st,

* Dare, to amaze, to stupefy.

Sometime the heart thou kill'st
With unseen anguish.
Sometime thou smilest to view how Fate
Plays with our human state;
So far from surety here
Are all our earthly joys,
That what our strong hope builds, when least we fear,
A stronger power destroys.

O Fate, why shouldst thou take from kings their joy and treasure?
Their image, if man should deface,
'T were death, which thou dost face
Even at thy pleasure.
Wisdom of holy kings, yet knows,
Both what it hath and owes.
Heaven's hostage, which you bred
And nursed with such choice care,
Is vanished now, great King, and from us fled
When we were least aware.

THOMAS CAMPION.

Tears on the Death of Mœliades.

. . . . . Ah me! that what is brave
On earth, they as their own so soon should crave!
Mœliades, sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.
. . . . . .

Eye-pleasing meads, whose painted plain forth brings
White, golden, azure flowers, which once were kings,
To mourning black their shining colours dye,
Bow down their heads, while sighing zephyrs fly.
Queen of the fields, whose blush makes blush the morn,
Sweet rose, a prince's death in purple mourn;
O hyacinths, for aye your *ai* keep still,
Nay, with more marks of woe your leaves now fill;
And you, O flower of Helen's tears that's born,
Into those liquid pearls again you turn:
Your green locks, forests cut; to weeping myrrhs,
To deadly cypress, and ink-dropping firs,
Your palms and myrtles change; from shadows dark,
Wing'd syrens wail, and your sad echoes mark
The lamentable accents of their moan,
And 'plain that brave Mœliades is gone.
Stay, sky, thy turning course, and now become
A stately arch, unto the earth his tomb:
And over it still the wat'ry Iris keep,
And sad Electra's sisters, who still weep:
Mœliades, sweet, courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

. . . . . .

Rest, blessed soul, rest satiate with the sight
Of him whose beams, (though dazzling) do delight;
Life of all lives, cause of each other cause;
The sphere and centre where the mind doth pause;
Narcissus of himself, himself the well,
Lover, and beauty, that doth all excell.

Rest, happy soul, and wonder in that glass,
Where seen is all that shall be, is, or was,
While shall be, is, or was, do pass away,
And naught remain, but an eternal day.
For ever rest; thy praise Fame will enrol
In golden annals, while about the pole
The slow Boötes turns, or sun doth rise,
With scarlet scarf to cheer the morning skies.
The virgins to thy tomb will garlands bear
Of flowers, and with each flow'r let fall a tear:
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

EPITAPH.

Stay, passenger, see where enclosed lies
The paragon of Princes, fairest frame,
Time, nature, place, could show to mortal eyes,
In worth, wit, virtue, miracles of fame:
At least that part the earth of him could claim
This marble holds (fast like the Destinies),
For as to his brave spirit and glorious name,
The one the world, the other fills the skies.
The immortal Amaranthus, princely rose,
Sad violet, and that sweet flower that bears
In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes,
Spread on this stone, and wash it with your tears;
Then go and tell from Gades unto Inde,
You saw where Earth's perfections are confined.

Of jet
Or porphyry,
Or that white stone
Paros affords alone,
Or those in azure dye,
Which seem to scan the sky;
Here Memphis' wonders do not set,
Nor Artemisia's huge frame,
That keeps so long her lover's name.
Make no great marble Atlas stoop with gold,
To please the vulgar eye shall it behold.
The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raisèd of their tears
A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appears.

DRUMMOND of Hawthornden (1585–1649).

Sonnet on the Death of Prince Henry.

METHOUGHT his royal person did foretell
A kingly stateliness, from all pride clear;
His look majestic, seemèd to compel
All men to love him, rather than to fear.
And yet though he were every good man's joy,
And the alonely comfort of his own,
His very name with terror did annoy
His foreign foes so far as he was known.
Hell drooped for fear; the Turkey moon looked pale;
Spain trembled, and the most tempestuous sea,

(Where Behemoth the Babylonish whale,
Keeps all his bloody and imperious plea)
Was swoln with rage, for fear he'd stop the tide
Of her o'er daring and insulting pride.

GEORGE WITHER (1588–1667).

On the Return of Spring, and Thinking of His Dead Lady.

SWEET Spring, thou comest, but ah, my pleasant hours
And happy days with thee come not again;
The sad memorials of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before;
But she whose breath enbalmed thy wholesome air
Is gone, nor gold, nor gems can her restore.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

His Appeal to the Trees to Bear a Message from Him to Her in the Skies.

TREES, happier far than I,
Which have the grace to heave your heads so high,
And overlook these plains,
Grow till your branches kiss that lofty sky,

Which her sweet self contains,
There make her know my endless love and pains,
And how these tears which from mine eyes do fall,
Helped you to rise so tall.
Tell her, as once I for her sake loved breath,
So for her sake, I now court lingering death.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

To the Handkerchief which His Lady had Embroidered for Him.

AH! HANDKERCHIEF, sad present of my dear,
Gift miserable, which now doth remain
The only guerdon of my helpless pain;
When I thee got, thou shew'dst my state too clear.
I never since have ceased to complain;
I since the badge of grief did ever wear;
Joy in my face durst never since appear;
Care was the food which did me entertain:
But since that thou art mine, O do not grieve
That I this tribute pay thee, for mine eine,
And that I (this short time I am to live)
Launder thy silken figures in this brine;
No, I must yet ev'n beg of thee the grace,
That in the grave thou deign to shroud my face.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

The Shepherd's Elegy.

Glide soft, ye silver floods,
And every spring:
Within the shady woods
Let no bird sing!
Nor from the grove a turtle dove
Be seen to couple with her love.
But silence on each dale and mountain dwell,
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

But of great Thetis' train
Ye mermaids fair
That on the shores do plain
Your sea-green hair,
As ye in trammels knit your locks
Weep ye; and so enforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell,
How Willy bade his friend and joy farewell.

Cease, cease, ye murmuring winds,
To move a wave;
But if with troubled minds
You seek his grave,
Know 't is as various as yourselves
Now in the deep, then on the shelves,
His coffin tossed by fish and surges fell,
Whilst Willy weeps, and bids all joy farewell.

Had he, Arion like
Been judged to drown,
He on his lute could strike
So rare a sown,
A thousand dolphins would have come
And jointly strive to bring him home.
But he on shipboard died, by sickness fell,
Since when his Willy paid all joy farewell.

Great Neptune, hear a swain!
His coffin take,
And with a golden chain
(For pity) make
It fast unto a rock near land!
Where ev'ry calmy morn I'll stand,
And ere one sheep out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell.

From *Britannia's Pastorals.* WILLIAM BROWNE (1590–1643).

Sweet Day.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,

Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefely lives.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593–1632).

The Dirge of Jephthah's Daughter.

O THOU the wonder of all days!
O paragon and pearl of praise!
O Virgin-martyr, ever blest
Above the rest
Of all the maiden train! We come
And bring fresh strewings to thy tomb.

Thus, thus, and thus, we compass round
Thy harmless and unhaunted ground;
And as we sing thy dirge, we will
The daffadil,
And other flowers, lay upon
The altar of our love, thy stone.

Thou wonder of all maids, liest here,
Of daughters all, the dearest dear;
The eye of virgins; nay, the queen,
Of this smooth green,
And all sweet meads, from whence we get
The primrose and the violet.

Too soon, too dear did Jephthah buy,
By thy sad loss, our liberty;
His was the bond and cov'nant, yet
Thou paidst the debt;
Lamented Maid! he won the day;
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy father brought with him along
The olive-branch and victor's song;
He slew the Ammonites we know,
But to thy woe;
And in the purchase of our peace,
The cure was worse than the disease.

For which obedient zeal of thine,
We offer here before thy shrine,
Our sighs for storax, tears for wine;
And to make fine
And fresh thy hearse-cloth, we will here
Four times bestrew thee every year.

Receive for this thy praise, our tears;
Receive this offering of our hairs
Receive these crystal vials fill'd

With tears distill'd
From teeming eyes; to thee we bring,
Each maid her silver filleting,

To gild thy tomb; besides, these cauls,
These laces, ribbands, and these falls,
These veils, wherewith we use to hide
The bashful bride,
When we conduct her to the groom;
All, all, we lay upon thy tomb.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we e'er bring coy brides to bed;
No more, at yearly festivals
We cowslip balls
Or chains of columbines shall make,
For this, or that occasion's sake.

No, no, our maiden pleasures be
Wrapt in the winding sheet with thee;
'T is we are dead, though not i' the grave;
Or, if we have
One seed of life left, 't is to keep
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all Paradise;
May sweets grow here, and smoke from hence
Fat frankincense;
Let balm and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden-monument.

May no wolf howl, or screech-owl stir
A wing about thy sepulchre!
No boistrous winds or storms come hither
To starve or wither
Thy soft, sweet earth; but like a spring,
Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shy maids at wonted hours,
Come forth to strew thy tomb with flowers;
May virgins when they come to mourn,
Male incense burn
Upon thine altar; then return,
And leave thee sleeping in thy urn.

ROBERT HERRICK (1594-1674).

Upon the Death of His Sparrow—An Elegie.

WHY do not all fresh maids appeare
To work love's sampler only here,
Where spring-time smiles throughout the yeare?
Are not here rose-buds, pinks, all flowers
Nature begets by th' sun and showers,
Met in one herse-cloth, to ore-spred
The body of the under-dead?
Phill, the late dead, the late dead deare,—
O! may no eye distill a teare
For you, once lost, who weep not here!
Had Lesbia, too—too kind, but known
This sparrow, she had scorn'd her own;

And for this dead which underlies
Wept out her heart as well as eyes.
But endless peace sit here and keep
My Phill the time he has to sleep,
And thousand virgins come to weep,
To make those flowerie carpets show
Fresh, as their blood, and ever grow,
Till passengers shall spend their doome,
Nor Virgil's Gnat had such a tomb.

ROBERT HERRICK.

The Funeral of the Rose.

THE rose was sick and smiling died;
And, being to be sanctified,
About the bed there sighing stood,
The sweet and flowery sisterhood.
Some hung the head, while some did bring,
To wash her, water from the spring;
Some laid her forth, while others wept,
But all a solemn fast there kept.
The holy sisters some among,
The sacred dirge and trental sung;
But ah! what sweets smelt everywhere,
As Heaven had spent all perfumes there!
At last, when prayers for the dead,
And rites were all accomplishèd,
They weeping spread a lawny loom,
And closed her up as in a tomb.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Epitaph.

HERE lies a piece of Christ; a star in dust;
A vein of gold; a china dish that must
Be used in heaven, when God shall feast the just.

ROBERT WILDE.

Funeral Dirge.*

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

From *Vittoria Corombona.* JOHN WEBSTER (fl. early part of XVII. century).

Dirge.

HARK, now everything is still;
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill,

*Charles Lamb remarks of this song: "I never saw anything like this dirge except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in *The Tempest.* As that is of the water, watery; so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have the intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates."

Call upon our dame aloud
And bid her quickly don her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturbed your mind;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception; their birth weeping:
Their life a general mist of error;
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet:
And the foul fiend more to check,
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'T is now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan and come away.

From *The Duchess of Malfy.* JOHN WEBSTER.

Elegy on Ben Jonson.

THE Muses' fairest light in our dark time,
The wonder of a learnèd age; the line
Which none can pass; the most proportioned wit;
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echoed by consenting men;
The Soul which answered best to all well said
By others; and which most requital made;

Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,
Returning all her music with his own;
In whom, with nature, study claimed a part
And yet who to himself owed all his art;
Here lies Ben Jonson! Every age will look
With sorrow here, with wonder on his book.

JOHN CLEVELAND (1613–1659).

Lines to the Memory of Ben Jonson.

BUT he is dead! time, envious of that bliss
Which he possessed in that great brain of his,
By putting out this light, hath darkened all
The sphere of Poesy, and we let fall
At best, unworthy elegies on his herse.

JAMES SHIRLEY (1594–1666).

Death's Final Conquest.*

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate,—
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown

*We have it on the authority of Leigh Hunt that these lines touched the thoughtless Charles II., and from another source that they "chilled the heart of Oliver Cromwell."

Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,—
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,—
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,—
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

On Our Late Loss of the Duke of Cambridge.*

How long in vain had Nature striv'd to frame
A perfect Princess ere her Highness came!
For Joys so great we must with Patience wait,

*Born November, 1667; died the following December.

'T is but the Price of Happiness compleat,
As a First-Fruit Heaven claim'd this lovely Boy;
The next shall live, and be the Nation's Joy.

EDMUND WALLER (1605–1687).

Lycidas.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn;
And, as he passes, turn

And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright,
Toward Heaven's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
Temper'd to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas lov'd to hear our song.
But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn:
The willows and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When the first white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep

Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there,—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Let off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies:

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds!
That strain I heard was of a higher mood;
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
The air was calm and on the level brine
Sleek Panopè with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge,
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft" (quoth he) "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,

(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,)
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing sed:
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth,
And O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,

Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory, move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sung the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray.
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674).

On the Death of a Fair Infant.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown, but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But killed, alas! and then bewailed his fatal bliss.

For since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,
By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touched his deity full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not;
Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot
Of long uncoupled bed and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

So mounting up in icy-pearlèd car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wandered long, till thee he spied from far;
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care.
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
But all unwares, with his cold kind embrace,
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair biding-place.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilom did slay his dearly-lovèd mate,
Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand,

Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;
But then transformed him to a purple flower;
Alack! that so to change thee Winter had no power!

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low delvèd tomb;
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom?
Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that showed thou wast divine.

Resolve me then, O Soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in the Elysian fields (if such there were),
Oh say me true if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

Wert thou some star, which from the ruined roof
Of shaked Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did re-install?
Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall
Of sheeny Heaven, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectared head?

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before
Forsook the hated earth, oh tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more?

Or wert thou [Mercy], that sweet-smiling Youth?
Or that crowned Matron, sage white-robèd Truth?
  Or any other of that heavenly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

Or wert thou of the golden-wingèd host,
Who, having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixèd seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed;
As if to show what creatures Heaven doth breed;
  Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heaven aspire?

But oh! why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
  To stand 'twixt us and our deservèd smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
  This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

JOHN MILTON.

On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catherine Thomson, My Christian Friend.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, called life; which us from life doth sever.
Thy works and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best,
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

John Milton.

On Shakspeare.

What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment

Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchrèd in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.

On the Memory of His Deceased Wife, Catherine Woodcocke.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espousèd saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

JOHN MILTON.

On the University Carrier.*

HERE lies old Hobson, Death had broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He 's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'T was such a shifter, that (if truth were known)
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and The Bull,
And surely Death could never have prevailed,
Had not his weekly course of carriage failed;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
"Hobson has supped, and 's newly gone to bed."

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jig on and keep his trot;
Made of sphere-metal never to decay

* Who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague.

Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion numbered out his time;
And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death;
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hastened on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sickened,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickened.
"Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretched,
"If I may n't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetched;
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers."
Ease was his chief disease, and, to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light.
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath (there be that say 't),
As he were pressed to death, he cried, "More weight!"
But, had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase.
His letters are delivered all and gone,
Only remains this superscription.

JOHN MILTON.

An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.

This rich marble doth inter
The honoured wife of Winchester,
A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas! too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death!
Yet, had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and Fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth and graces sweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin choir for her request
The god that sits at marriage feast;
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well-lighted flame;
And in his garland, as he stood,
Ye might discern a cypress bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son;
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes;
But, whether by mischance or blame,

Atropos for Lucina came;
And, with remorseless cruelty,
Spoiled at once both fruit and tree.
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth;
And the languished mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip,
Saved with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Plucked up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
Now shot up from vernal shower;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Sideways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have!
After this thy travail sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That, to give the world increase,
Shortened hast thy own life's lease;
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
There be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon;
And some flowers and some bays

For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sit'st in glory,
Next her, much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdess,
Who, after years of barrenness,
The highly-favoured Joseph bore
To him that served for her before,
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light;
There with thee, new-welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

JOHN MILTON.

Epitaph upon Husband and Wife, Who Died and were Buried Together.

To THESE whom death again did wed,
This grave 's their second marriage-bed;
For though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sunder man and wife,

'Cause they both lived but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep;
Peace, the lovers are asleep:
They (sweet turtles) folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie.
And though they lie as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead;
(Pillow hard, and sheets not warm)
Love made the bed, they 'll take no harm.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into that light,
Where day shall never die in night.

RICHARD CRASHAW (1612–1650).

Elegy upon Mr. William Hervey.

HE WAS my friend, the truest friend on earth:
A strong and mighty influence joined our birth,
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship given of old to fame.
None but his brothers he, and sisters knew,
Whom the kind youth preferred to me;
And even in that we did agree,
For much above myself I loved them too.

Say, for you saw us ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,
Till the Ledæan stars, so famed for love,
Wondered at us from above!
We spent them not in toys, or lusts, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, poetry;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about, which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, forever fade,
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

Henceforth no learned youths beneath you sing,
Till all the tuneful birds to your boughs they bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer,
And call the learned youths to hear;
No whistling winds through the glad branches fly,
But all with sad solemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here;

High as the place 't was shortly in heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave;
So high that all the Virtues there did come
As to the chiefest seat,
Conspicuous and great;
So low, that for me too, it made a room.

He scorned this busy world below, and all
That we, mistaken mortals, pleasure call;
Was filled with innocent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.
He, like the stars to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like flame
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

Knowledge he only sought, and so some caught
As if for him, Knowledge had rather sought;
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
In such a short mortality.
When e'er the skilful youth discoursed or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his eloquent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faster than his tongue.

. . . . . .

And if the glorious Saints cease not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life below,
Thy flame to me doth still the same abide,
Only more pure and rarified,

There whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse;
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthly poesy,
Where grief and misery can be joined with verse.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618–1667).

On the Death of Sir Henry Wotton.

WHAT shall we say, since silent now is he,
Who when he spoke, all things would silent be?
Who had so many languages in store,
That only fame shall speak of him in more!
Whom England now no more must see;
He 's gone to Heaven on his Fourth Embassie.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Elegy upon the Death of Mrs. Katherine Philips.

CRUEL disease! ah, could it not suffice
Thy old and constant spight to exercise
Against the gentlest and the fairest sex,
Which still thy depredations most do vex?
Where still thy malice most of all
(Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall?

And in them most assault the fairest place,
The throne of empress beauty ev'n the face?
There was enough of that here to assuage
(One would have thought) either thy lust or rage;
Was 't not enough, when thou profane disease,
Didst on this glorious temple seize;
Was 't not enough like a wild zealot, there,
All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
Deface the innocent pride of beauteous images!
Was 't not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou must quite destroy the goodly pile?
And thy unbounded sacrilege commit
On th' inward holiest holy of her wit?
Cruel disease! there thou mistook'st thy power:
No mine of death can that devour;
On her embalmed name it will abide
An everlasting pyramide,
As high as heav'n the top, as earth the basis wide.
. . . . . .
. . . If Apollo should design
A woman Laureat to make,
Without dispute he would Orinda take,
Though Sappho and the famous Nine
Stood by and did repine.
To be a princess, or a queen,
Is great; but 't is a greatness always seen;
. . . . . .
Of female poets, who had names of old,
Nothing is shown, but only told,

And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-flattery only, and male poetry.
Few minutes did their beautie's lightning waste
The thunder of their voice did longer last,
But that too, soon was past.
The certain proofs of our Orinda's wit
In her own lasting characters are writ,
And they will long my praise of them survive,
Though long perhaps, too, that may live.
The trade of glory, manag'd by the pen,
Thus great it be, and everywhere is found,
Does bring in but small profit to us men;
'T is, by the number of the sharers, drown'd.
Orinda, on the female coasts of Fame,
Engrosses all the goods of a poetic name;
She does no partner with her see;
Does all the business there alone, which we
Are forced to carry on by a whole company.
. . . . . .
Orinda does our boasting sex outdo,
Not in wit only, but in virtue too:
She does above our best example rise,
In hate of vice and scorn of vanities.
Never did spirit of the manly make,
And dipp'd all o'er in Learning's sacred lake,
A temper more invulnerable take.
No violent passion could an entrance find
Into the tender goodness of her mind;
Through walls of stone those furious bullets may

Force their impetuous way;
When her soft breast they hit, powerless and dead
they lay.

The fame of Friendship, which so long had told
Of three or four illustrious names of old,
Till hoarse and weary of the tale she grew,
Rejoices now to have got a new,
A new and more surprising story,
Of fair Lucasia's and Orinda's glory.
As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in some foreign country he must live,
The language and the manners he does strive
To understand and practise here,
That he may come no stranger there:
So well Orinda did herself prepare,
In this much different clime, for her remove
To the glad world of Poetry and Love.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Beyond the Veil.

THEY are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit ling'ring here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
  Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
    After the Sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
  Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
    Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility!
  High as the Heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me
    To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death; the Jewel of the Just!
  Shining no where but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
    Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
  At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
    That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
  Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
    And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,
  Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up gives room,
  She 'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
  Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
  Into true liberty!

Either disperse these mists which blot and fill
  My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
  Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1621-1695).

Epitaph on Mrs. Margaret Paston.

So FAIR, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
So ripe a judgment and so rare a wit,
Require at least an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not stay,
'T was gold too fine to mix without allay.
Heaven's image in her was so well expressed,
Her very sight upbraided all the rest;
For justly ravish'd from a world like this,
Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700).

To the Pious Memory of the Accomplished Young Lady Mistress Anne Killigrew, Excellent in the Two Sister Arts of Poetry and Painting. An Ode.

I.

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighb'ring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in procession fixed and regular,
Mov'st with the heavens' majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss;
Whatever happy region be thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of Poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfused into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy preëxisting soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return, to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here on earth.
For since the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And e'en the most malicious were in time.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth.

And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clustering swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'T was that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew:
For all thy blest fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holiday above.

. . . . . .

v.

Art she had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want supply:
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 't was only born.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test, and every light, her muse will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
E'en love (for love sometimes her muse exprest)
Was but a lambent flame which played about her breast:
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth exprest
'T was Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she would have been
content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm, she stretch'd her sway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify the offence)
And the whole fief, in right of Poetry, she claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:

. . . . . .

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much lamented virgin lies.
Nor wit, nor piety could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life, and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroyed.

O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
But thus Orinda died;
Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

. . . . . .

JOHN DRYDEN.

Eleanora:
Dedicated to the Memory of the Countess of Abingdon.

. . . . . .

Such multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she nurs'd,
That she herself, might fear her wanting first.
Of her five talents, other five she made;
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely paid:
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from ostentation fall,
Or proud desire of praise; the soul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No less than heaven; to keep huge treasures there.

. . . . . .

Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,
Guests in disguise, of her great Master's train:
Her Lord himself might come for aught we know,

Since in a servant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleased to stay;
Or some benighted angel, in his way,
Might ease his wings, and, seeing heaven appear
In its best work of mercy, think it there,
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as constant method, as above,
All carried on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praises, and as warm her prayers.

. . . . . .

Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her soul; abhorring avarice,
Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice:
Had she given more, it had profusion been,
And turn'd the excess of goodness into sin.
These virtues rais'd her fabric to the sky;
For that, which is next heaven, is charity.
But, as high turrets, for their airy steep,
Require foundations, in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upward shoot,
As to the nether heavens they drive the root;
So low did her secure foundation lie,
She was not humble, but Humility.
Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,
Or wise, beyond what other women are,
Or, what is better, knew, but never durst compare.
For to be conscious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.

But still she found, or rather thought she found,
Her own worth wanting, others' to abound:
Ascrib'd above their due to every one,
Unjust and scanty to herself alone.

. . . . . .

Muse, down again precipitate thy flight:
For how can mortal eyes sustain immortal light?
But as the sun in water we can bear,
Yet not the sun, but his reflection there,
So let us view her, here, in what she was,
And take her image in this wat'ry glass:
Yet look not every lineament to see;
Some will be cast in shades, and some will be
So lamely drawn, you 'll scarcely know 't is she.
For where such various virtues we recite,
'T is like the milky way, all over bright,
But sown so thick with stars, 't is undistinguish'd light.
Her virtue, not her virtues, let us call;
For one heroic comprehends them all:
One, as a constellation is but one,
Though 't is a train of stars, that, rolling on,
Rise in their turn, and in the zodiac run:
Ever in motion; now 't is Faith ascends,
Now Hope, now Charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffusive good descends.
As in perfumes compos'd with art and cost,
'T is hard to say what scent is uppermost;
Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich result of all;
So she was all a sweet, whose every part,

In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's art.
No single virtue we could most commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
The several parts lay hidden in the piece;
The occasion but exerted that, or this.

. . . . . .

Though all these rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow space of life confin'd
The figure was with full perfection crown'd;
Though not so large an orb, as truly round.
As when in glory, through the public place,
The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And so the swift procession hurried on,
That all, though not distinctly, might be shown;
So in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind:
And multitudes of virtues pass'd along;
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were yet to come.
Yet unemploy'd no minute slipp'd away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.
The haste of heaven to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, though each complete;
But every act was ready to repeat.
Her fellow saints with busy care will look

For her blest name in fate's eternal book;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues, endless charity:
But none will wonder at so short an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page:
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.
But 't was her Saviour's time; and, could there be
A copy near the original, 't was she.
  As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple and expire:
So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence;
A short sweet odour, of a vast expense.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she died;
For but a now did heaven and earth divide:
She pass'd serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue;
Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new;
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake and are asleep:
So softly death succeeded life in her:
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.
  No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise;
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
And treated like a long familiar guest.
He took her as he found, but found her so,

As one in hourly readiness to go:
Even on that day, in all her trim prepar'd,
As early notice she from heaven had heard,
And some descending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove;
Or counsell'd her to dress the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where she lay
Cloth'd all in white, the livery of the day:
Scarce had she sinn'd in thought, or word, or act;
Unless omission were to pass for fact:
That hardly Death a consequence could draw,
To make her liable to Nature's law.
And, that she died, we only have to show
The mortal part of her she left below:
The rest, so smooth, so suddenly she went,
Look'd like translation through the firmament,
Or like the fiery car on the third errand sent.

. . . . . .

Be what, and where thou art: to wish thy place
Were, in the best, presumption more than grace.
Thy relics (such thy works of mercy are)
Have, in this poem, been my holy care.
As earth thy body keeps, thy soul the sky,
So shall this verse preserve thy memory:
For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Upon Young Mr. Rogers of Gloucestershire.

Of gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow, and their vanished pleasure.
Adorned with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large provision for so short a race;
More moderate gifts might have prolonged his date,
Too early fitted for a better state;
But, knowing heaven as his home, to shun delay,
He leaped o'er age, and took the shortest way.

John Dryden.

Tears of Amynta for the Death of Damon.

On a bank, beside a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta sighed alone;
From the cheerless dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,
Singing thus, she made her moan:
Hope is banished,
Joys are vanished,
Damon, my beloved, is gone!

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth and such a lover;

Oh, so true, so kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming was his every feature;
Damon lived alone for me:
Melting kisses,
Murmuring blisses,
Who so lived and loved as we!

Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore;
Never shall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love supplying
All the joys he drained before.
Death, come end me
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Elegy on Queen Mary, Wife of William iii. of England.

No MORE these woods shall with her sight be blest,
Nor with her feet these flowery plains be prest;
No more the winds shall with her tresses play,
And from her balmy breath steal sweets away.

Oh, she was heavenly fair in face and mind,
Never in a nature were such beauties joined.
Without—all shining, and within—all white;
Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight;
Like some rare flower, whose leaves all colours yield,
And—opening—is with sweetest odours filled.

WILLIAM CONGREVE (1670-1729).

From the *Mourning Muse of Alexis*, A Pastoral.

END OF VOLUME I.

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